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By Louise Betts Edwards.

Picture by J. H. Betts — *Decoration by J. J. Gould*

TWO travelers in sober apparel, and riding sleek, well-fed nags, were the only wayfarers on the road, as far as the eye could reach. Without them, the weird loneliness of the November landscape would have missed its last touch of desolation; for the dripping, gray-green sedges, intersected with sulky little streams, and ditches, which looked like faded grogram ribbons with frayed edges, the sodden road with its deep ruts forming brownish-gray pools, and the leaden-gray sky, against which the leafless branches of the one pollard willow were extended,—as though imploring respite from further rain,—all blended themselves into a sombre background that was wholly harmonious.

Only as the two horses, heavy with mud, laboriously climbed the steep, slippery hill, did the entrance of human beings bring the element of unrest into the scene.

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"You climb cautiously, sir," observed the younger to the elder man, with a slight smile. Their difference in age could be but that of a year or two.

The older traveler, a clean-shaven, firm-jawed man, of unmistakably Scotch physiognomy, replied calmly: "I am afraid."

The other,—his name was Fitzroy,—suddenly reined in his horse. His companion answered the amazed question in his eyes:

"Of falling,—have a care, sir, or you will do it yourself. The mud is slippery; my horse carries a heavy load, and I have no mind for riding into town with torn cloak or bespattered person."

"You are wise, sir," said Fitzroy. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast, his person and his garments! It hath been long years since I valued any of these, and, therefore, as you perceive," noticing the other man's narrow scrutiny, "I have had many a fall in the mire."

"Tut! As to that, we are both miry. 'Tis these pestiferous roads, after the rains. The stable-boys at the Golden Goblet shall scrape off some of it, when we have dined."

Again Fitzroy's horse reared back sharply, and again amazement stared from his eyes. "The Golden Goblet? You are bound to dine there? Then our ways part, sir; though I am loth to leave pleasant company."

"But how now?" in astonishment equally blank. "Where else should we dine, save at the inn? Pardon me, sir; but your behavior is certainly most strange."

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A dull red had risen in Fitzroy's cheeks. He gazed at the ground without answer.

"If 'tis a matter of money——" began the other in an altered tone.

"Ay, sir; you have touched the point. Poverty is not a vice, is it? or it could not so readily shame us. My pockets are empty, and I had counted on the charity of some good cottage creature for a cup of milk and some bread and cheese."

"Pray be my guest at the inn," said the older man with formal civility. He was apparently as cautious of over-demonstration toward a chance acquaintance as of climbing slippery hills, but waxed more insistent at Fitzroy's violent demur: "But wherefore not? Surely, my hospitality should irk no less than an old cottage woman's."

"Sir, you are most kind. But I would go with an empty stomach rather than dine at the Golden Goblet. I have an ancient grudge——"

"But I thought," cried his fellow-traveler, "you were strange in these parts? You said

THE FACE BENDING FIERCELY OVER HIM BLANCHED AT THE SOUND

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as much, when we fell in with each other this morning, and you prayed me to point you the road to Durham."

"But doth a road run one way only?" Fitzroy asked, a sudden sparkle of mirth in his eyes, as quickly extinguished. "As I remember the Golden Goblet, it stands at a crossing, and some approach it from the east, some from the west. Nay, sir,—I have not yet learned your name. I can not and will not enter that inn, and it is spending breath to ask me wherefore. Perchance the landlord hath cheated me,—or I cheated the landlord; perchance I happened to kiss the barmaid——. Sir, I am sorry, but I will not go. I see a cottage in the distance; I am confident the good dame there will give us food, and even a night's lodging."

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"Why, how know you there is a dame, and that her hospitality is so free?"

"I do not know," said Fitzroy, with a slight contraction of the brows. "I can clearly see, however, you fear to trust yourself in the company of a man who acknowledges himself penniless, even though,"—with a faintly contemptuous glance at the other man's holsters,—"you carry arms, and he does not. You are right, sir; the country is lonely, there are rumors of highwaymen, and you never saw me before this morning. Let us part ways,—you to your inn, and I to my good dame, or master, or whomever I may find. Good-day, sir."

Good Duncan McDougall, kirk-officer of Ballantyne Parish, and canniest of Scots, thoughtfully watched him spur his horse on up another of the steep, muddy little hills, with the stumbling haste of an angry schoolboy. Society on the road was pleasant,—but perchance a dangerous pleasure, when you knew not with whom you were riding, and when your saddle-bags held forty pounds Scots, in good gold, to buy a set of communion silver for the new Ballantyne kirk. He had a trust, a reputation, a life to guard. Yet—"Tush! could the fellow blush like Kitty herself, and yet harbor evil designs?"

At a rude table in the little hovel up the road Fitzroy sat glowering over the extremely frugal fare brought him by an old woman, gnarled of face and knotted of figure, to whose cackle he paid no attention. "I've naught in my purse to pay for this," he flung out finally; "nor in my saddle-bags, either."

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The woman chuckled without glee. "Yet there was a gentleman came part way with you," she observed. "Look! he climbs the hill now."

"And he travels armed," said Fitzroy moodily. "My pistol dropped yesterday from a broken holster while I forded a stream. How do I know he carries aught worth killing a man for?"

"By his traveling armed," concisely. "Tut, Mr. Fitzroy! do you conceive, sir, that because luck has hitherto been with you in sending you cowards and unarmed travelers, who would willingly give their purses to save their skins, it will be so always? Truly, sir, you speak like——"

"A coward," said Fitzroy. "I am not one, but,"— his face clearing a little,—"he who comes hither is a coward, and I may get off without bloodshed. In faith, I was born a gentleman, and even in battle, where a man may kill and not hang for it, there would always come an uneasy voice between me and my sword, that would sound like a cry of reproach from my mother or sister. Yet I have not seen either of them since I was a lad of twenty. How, now, sir!" starting up as the shadow of a man fell across the doorway. "You have changed your mind?"

"I come to crave your pardon, sir," said Duncan McDougall gravely. "And to eat supper with you, if this good woman hath aught to give us. Pardon my suspicions, and give me your company for the rest of the road, for, in truth, I am afraid of its loneliness."

"Say no more," said Fitzroy with feverish eagerness, helping him dismount. "We will both eat and sleep here, and the old woman shall stable your horse where she hath taken mine."

McDougall started slightly as the crone took the bridle. Her appearance, and that of the house, was unprepossessing, and his Scotch cautions returned on him.

He stood up rigidly, while Fitzroy opened his eyes in unfeigned surprise, and loudly recited a long Presbyterian grace, before he would take the seat indicated for him.

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"A man of religion!" exclaimed Fitzroy. He had not intended to say it aloud; but the performance of so distinctly devotional an act in the presence of a stranger was as astounding to him as it was unremarkable to the Scotsman, who complacently replied, his mouth full of bread and cheese:

"Officer of Ballantyne kirk, and a man of peace toward all."

"Yet you travel armed," suggested Fitzroy doubtfully.

"A commendable means of securing peace, is it not, sir? I hear over-much of these so-called 'gentlemen of the road,' who kill a man in haste and discover his poverty at leisure, to have a mind to ride unprotected when I am traveling alone."

"Have you ever heard," asked Fitzroy carelessly, "of one they call the 'Irish Paddy,' who hath been making himself somewhat officious in these parts?" The Scotsman shook his head. The slow-creeping twilight hid the slow-creeping red in Fitzroy's face, as he said lightly:

"Oh, well, these gentry practice for gain, rather than fame, so 'tis not surprising you should not have heard of him yet. Besides, he hath so far kept his hands clean of blood, they say, which saves a man a deal of notice. But may I ask, sir, why 'tis you appear to grudge these poor fellows the name of gentleman, to which many of them, by birth at least, are entitled?"

"Because,"—the speaker's utterance was still rendered indistinct by vigorous mastication, while Fitzroy sat and unhappily eyed his food,—"being, by birth at least, personally disqualified for that title, I, an honest man, begrudge it to a set of cowardly thieves. 'Twas a long time since most of them were born, and I hold that their patent of gentility hath expired. After all, 'tis but a bit of Judas-work, betraying their harmless fellows for a few filthy coins. Pah! I am a farmer, and work in the dirt all day, but I would not touch such money."

"Hold, sir!" cried Fitzroy impetuously, while the old woman frowned in the background. "You are harsh, methinks. I, too, am honest, yet I have the poor man's sympathy for him who feels the world owes him a living and the right to collect it."

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"And I," disputed McDougall, "have the poor man's sympathy for those who, having by hard labor collected it, desire to keep it. 'Tis natural, is it not?"

"You argue well, sir; yet there is something to say for the highwaymen sometimes. Take the case of him I just spoke of, the Irishman they call 'Paddy of the Roads.' 'Tis not a man I admire, nor would I willingly stand in his shoes; yet 'tis said he was a fine, gallant lad ten years since, ruined at cards by a cheating gamester Colonel whom he could not denounce——"

"Why," said the Scotsman, "that I call cowardice."

"What mean you, sir! What dare you?" Fitzroy's hand was where soldiers carry their swords. He had sprung to his feet, and his voice echoed indignantly to the low rafters. "I will not,—tut, what a vile temper I am in, for that I am crossed in a friendly argument! Pardon me, sir; and laugh at my heat as much as you wish."

But it was not laughter that looked out in the steadfast gaze of McDougall, who had laid down his knife and fork. The two men were alone, the woman having slipped out to fodder the horses. In sickening anxiety Fitzroy awaited the next speech, whose slow, unchanged tones brought the breath back to his quivering body:

"I, myself, may wax as hot in putting the other case,—that of the honest wayfaring man of trade or toil. I, for instance, of course, carry naught worth taking."

"Of course not," agreed Fitzroy craftily, the traveler's previous words yet ringing in his ears: "My horse carries a heavy load."

"Yet, were it but thirty shillings, or but one shilling, or but sixpence, I would not deliver it up for thirty blunderbusses in my face. Folly it may be,—I claim not that it is courage, yet 'tis the British nature that I have. Who took it must take my life,—and life is sweet to me. You eat nothing, sir."

"'Tis this cursed choking bread," said Fitzroy, breathing heavily. "Here, woman, have you no more milk?"

"Nay, sir,"—the crone had reappeared,—"not a drop more. My cow is gone dry."

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"I have plenty in my dish," interposed McDougall. "Nay, man, dip in, dip in! We farmers stick not at fine table civilities."

A certain sombre determination in his piercing eyes compelled Fitzroy to obey reluctantly. Then he did not eat the bread.

"You have not asked me why life is sweet," said the Scotsman. "Surely a happy man should be an object of curiosity! Since you ask not, I will tell you of mine own accord: I am passably young, I have health and strength, I have land enough to wring a living from, and in December I am to marry the sweetest girl in all Scotland. It is much to live for, is it not, sir?" with eyes riveted on Fitzroy's.

"Gentlemen," interrupted their sinister-faced hostess, "am I bid to make up beds here? or do you purpose to take the road?"

McDougall hesitated. "First show me how my horse is lodged," he said to the old dame. Scarce had they disappeared together into the dusky doorway of the dilapidated outhouse before the woman sped eagerly back to Fitzroy. "Quick," she whispered, pulling him into the house. "Here,"—producing a pistol from a cupboard,—"'tis his; I cut it from his holster whilst you supped. You need not fear him now. 'Tis a coward, anyway."

"'Tis a brave man!" flashed Fitzroy. "Yet if he sleeps here I need not . . . Woman, he fed me from his own dish. And he would have dined me at the Golden Goblet, had I dared to show myself there."

"He hath reckoned for the supper already," grinned the crone. "I sped back to tell you where he carries his money."

"In his saddle-bags."

"Nay, 'tis in a little buckskin bag within his coat. It looks most amazing heavy, nor would he pull the string. 'After all, 'tis a trust and must not be touched,' he said, and paid me with a shilling from another pocket. Why hang you back, sir?"

A sudden sound smote the highwayman's ears before he could answer,—the sound of swift hoofs splashing on a wet road. Breaking to the door, he saw a horse and rider making furious haste. His prey had escaped him.

"Quick, fool, my horse!" he cried, flinging himself frantically across the beast when she brought it, and extending, instead of good-by, a hasty hand for the purloined pistol. He could scarcely account for his change of mood. Chagrin at being outwitted, fear of remaining as tame sport for the old woman's gibes, pricked him on. His fresher horse quickly outran the traveler's more jaded one, which, at the sound of a shot from behind, threw his wounded rider in the thick mud and galloped on, mad with terror.

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In the one instant of Fitzroy's dismounting the hurt man struggled to his feet. "Come on, sir," he said, with ghastly composure. "You have not yet dipped your hands in blood. You dipped them last,—in—my dish,—you wretched betrayer,—coward!" As he fell in the vain attempt to pull his adversary down with him, one sharp cry of pain, of human dependence, quivered in the air, preceding a deadly stillness: "Kitty!"

The face bending fiercely over him blanched at the sound, more than at the scarlet stream which soaked the grass where he fell.

"Why need he shriek that?" muttered Fitzroy. "'Tis strange. In faith, I would his Kitty had him, and I the buckskin bag."

Recalled to the need for haste, he knelt down and fumbled for the bag, opened it,—and then laughed, loudly and hoarsely. "Shillings! One, two,"—he counted thirty, and his hand shook. He wished mightily it had been any other number, even a lesser; and could not have sworn that the pale, dead, scornful lips beside him did not repeat: "'Tis a bit of Judas-work." In the bag lay a letter, whose address,

"To Mrs. Dorothy White,
"Durham,"

struck him with a vague, unpleasant sense of familiarity:

"Dr. Aunt," it read, "these 30s. will be handed you by a brave gentelman and true, Mr. Duncan Mehlongall of this place. Him J am to mary in a littel time. The silver peaces are for you to ad to that J gave you for a weding gown wh. you, honoured Aunt, promissed me the favour to by for me. Send it back by him, and J pray you of yr. cortesy to lov him as you love me, for J love him as J do my Self. Yr moast dutiful neace,
"Kitty Fitzroy."

Thirty pieces of silver, flung in as many different directions, splashed into the little roadside ditches. "I have betrayed the innocent blood!" cried Fitzroy.

His face was ashen. He peered with eyes of horror at the still thing at his feet. "A bad business!" he muttered. "Brother-in-law, I could wish you a better part in the play than that of my first victim."

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He heard horse-hoofs, and trembled like an aspen. Hastily wiping his fingers in the moist grass, he mounted his horse and rode off, with savage spurs in his sides.

The hoofs followed,—then abruptly stopped where the wounded man had laboriously risen on one elbow, watching the highwayman's fleeing figure. At a familiar neigh he smiled grimly and painfully, first glancing at the untouched panniers of the Ballantyne kirk's good gold, which lay on the faithful creature's back, then at the muddy coins scattered round him. His stunned senses rallied slowly.

"Kitty'll never cry for her coins," he said feebly, "Gin I live to come back. Ay, I'll live. Were I no better kirk officer than yon poor craven makes of a highwayman, 'twould go ill! Why called he me 'brother'?"

And Fitzroy, speeding frantically on into the dusk, scourged by visions of a Last Judgment when he should stand with Cain and Judas, looked not back to tell him.

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A BIT OF WEDDING CAKE

"BUT what shall I do with it?" he asked helplessly.

She looked up at him and laughed as he stood dangling a square, white box by its satin ribbon.

"There's a certain inanity in treasuring another fellow's wedding cake. Won't you take it,—as a gift?"

"Thanks, no," she answered. "I have a sufficiency; besides, the charm is broken if you give it away."

"Charm?" he echoed. "What charm has an infinitesimal piece of cake that would not stay the appetite of a mosquito? Silly custom this, anyhow, of——"

"Do you mean to say," she interrupted solemnly, "that you have attained unto years of discretion and have never tried the charm that lies in a bride's cake?"

"Never!" he averred.

She looked so bewitching in her bridesmaid array that he would have sworn to any fact or fallacy whatsoever could he thereby prolong the tête-à-tête. In seeking a spot where perchance that ubiquitous best man might be eluded, he had found this curtained corner of the porch.

"Then you must try it before you are a night older," she said, with a pretty air of authority. "Cut a card into seven slips and give me a pencil, and I'll do the rest."

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He obeyed with unwonted docility.

"This is merely a short and sure way to find out whom you are to marry," she resumed.

"I know whom I want to marry. I don't need a piece of cake and seven slips of paper to tell me that."

"Whom one wants to marry and whom one marries are not always the same individual!" she replied sententiously.

"Oh!" was his only audible remark.

"Now," she went on, "I shall write a name on each of these six pieces and leave one blank,—for bachelorhood, you know."

"Um!" he assented.

"Then you will place them under your pillow, with the wedding cake, and draw out one each morning; the last one——" with a pause of emphasis.

"I understand," he broke in. "The last shall be first. But I can't think of six names; one is so indelibly written on my heart that——"

"Oh, I can arrange that!" she interrupted blithely. "You know they must be written by some one else, anyway,—some disinterested person."

"Oh!" —very humbly.

But as he watched her brows wrinkle in such perplexity, he concluded that it was not such a bad thing after all, this idea of tying up wedding cake in boxes, and he became convinced that weddings, on the whole, were not such a bore when he saw the ubiquitous best man peer into the half-light of the veranda and retire precipitately.

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"There's one thing I forgot," she was saying; "each slip must be destroyed as it is drawn out, and only the last one read."

"Humph! Strict requirements, these! It would give a fellow some satisfaction, perhaps, to know whom he had escaped."

"Oh, but the charm won't work unless you do! Promise, now,"—imperatively.

And he promised. Then——

"Oh, I say," he cried, interrupting the writing again. "You'll put your own name down, won't you?"

"Shall I?" she queried doubtfully.

"Well, rather." And though the light was dim, she saw something in his eyes that made her add hastily:

"Oh, very well, since it is by request."

On the eighth day thereafter she received the following telegram:

"Your name seventh. Has charm worked?"

And it was not till their honeymoon was at its zenith that she told him,—confidentially,—that each bit of cardboard had borne the same name, and there had been no blank.—From the Montreal Herald.

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The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter VIII

IT MAY be that every other passenger in that morning train to London nursed either a silent rage, or declaimed aloud to fellow sufferers in indignation, at the time consumed in making what, by the map, should be so brief a journey.

In Thorpe's own compartment men spoke with savage irony of cyclists alleged to be passing them on the road, and exchanged dark prophecies as to the novelties in imbecility and helplessness which the line would be preparing for the Christmas holidays. The old joke about people who had gone traveling years before, and were believed to be still lost somewhere in the recesses of Kent, revived itself amid gloomy approbation. The still older discussion, as to whether the South Eastern or the Brighton was really the worst, followed naturally in its wake, and occupied its accustomed half-hour,—complicated, however, upon this occasion, by the chance presence of a loquacious stranger who said he lived on the Chatham-and-Dover, and who rejected the idea that any other railway could be half so bad.

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The intrusion of this outsider aroused instant resentment, and the champions of the South Eastern and the Brighton, having piled up additional defenses in the shape of personal recollections of delay and mismanagement quite beyond belief, made a combined attack upon the newcomer. He was evidently incapable, their remarks implied, of knowing a bad railway when he saw one. To suggest that the characterless and inoffensive Chatham-and-Dover, so commonplace in its tame virtues, was to be mentioned in the same breath with the daringly inventive and resourceful malefactors whose rendezvous was London Bridge, showed either a weak mind or a corrupt heart. Did this man really live on the Dover line at all? Angry countenances plainly reflected the doubt.

But to Thorpe the journey seemed short enough,—almost too short. The conversation interested him not at all; if he had ever known the Southern lines apart, they were all one to him now. He looked out of the window, and could have sworn that he thought of absolutely nothing but the visit from which he was now returning.

When he alighted at Cannon Street, however, it was to discover that his mind was full of a large, new, carefully prepared project. It came to him, ready-made and practically complete, as he stood on the platform, superintending the porter's efforts to find his bags. He turned it over and over in his thoughts in the hansom, more to familiarize himself with its details than to add to them.

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He left the cab to await him at the mouth of a little alley which delves its way into Old Broad Street through towering walls of commercial buildings, old and new.

Colin Semple was happily in his office,—a congeries of small, huddled rooms, dry and dirty with age, which had a doorway of its own in a corner of the court,—and Thorpe pushed on to his room at the end like one who is assured of his way and his welcome.

The broker was standing beside a desk, dictating a letter to a clerk who sat at it, and with only a nod to Thorpe he proceeded to finish this task. He looked more than once at his visitor as he did so, in a preoccupied, impersonal way.

To the other's notion, he seemed the personification of business,—without an ounce of distracting superfluous flesh upon his wiry, tough little frame, without a trace of unnecessary politeness, or humor, or sensibility of any sort. He was the machine perfected and fined down to absolute essentials. He could understand a joke if it was useful for him to do so. He could drink, and even smoke cigarettes, with a natural air, if these exercises seemed properly to belong to the task he had in hand. Thorpe did not conceive him doing anything for the mere human reason that he liked to do it.

▪

There was more than a touch of what the rustic calls "ginger" in his hair and closely cropped, pointed beard, and he had the complementary florid skin. His eyes,—notably direct, confident eyes,—were of a gray which had in it more brown than blue. He wore a black frock coat, buttoned close, and his linen produced the effect of a conspicuous whiteness.

He turned as the clerk left the room, and let his serious, thin lips relax for an instant as a deferred greeting. "Well?" he asked, impassively.

"Have you got quarter of an hour?" asked Thorpe in turn. "I want a talk with you."

For answer, Semple left the room. Returning after a minute or two, he remarked: "Go ahead till we're stopped," and seated himself on the corner of the desk with the light inconsequence of a bird on a twig. Thorpe unbuttoned his overcoat, laid aside his hat, and seated himself.

"I've worked out the whole scheme," he began, as if introducing the product of many sleepless nights' cogitations. "I'm going to leave England almost immediately,—go on the Continent and loaf about,—I've never seen the Continent."

Semple regarded him in silence. "Well?" he observed at last.

"You see the idea?" Thorpe demanded.

—superintending the porter's efforts to find his bags

The broker twitched his shoulders slightly. "Go on," he said, with a tone of disbelief.

"But the idea is everything," protested the other. "We've been thinking of beginning the campaign straight away, but the true game now is to lie low,—silent as the grave. I go away now, d'ye see? Nothing particular is said about it, of course; but in a month or two somebody notices that I'm not about, and he happens to mention it to somebody else,—and so there gets to be the impression that things haven't gone well with me, d'ye see? On the same plan, I let all the clerks at my office go. The secretary'll come round every once in a while to get letters, of course, and perhaps he'll keep a boy in the front office for show, but practically the place'll be shut up. That'll help out the general impression that I've gone to pieces. Now, d'ye see?"

"It's the special settlement you're thinking of," commented Semple.

"Of course. The fellows that we're going to squeeze would move heaven and earth to prevent our getting that settlement, if they got wind of what was going on. The only weak point in our game is just there. Absolutely everything hangs on the settlement being granted.

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"Naturally, then, our play is to concentrate everything on getting it granted. We don't want to raise the remotest shadow of a suspicion of what we're up to till after we're safe past that rock. So we go on in the way to attract the least possible attention. You or your jobber makes the ordinary application for a special settlement, with your six signatures and so on; and I go abroad quietly, and the office is as good as shut up, and nobody makes a peep about Rubber Consols, and the thing works itself. You do see it now, don't you?"

"I see well enough the things that are to be seen," replied Semple, with a certain brevity of manner. "There was a sermon of my father's that I remember, and it had for its text, 'We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.'"

Thorpe, pondering this for a moment, nodded his head. "Semple," he said, bringing his chair forward to the desk, "that's what I've come for. I want to spread my cards on the table for you. I know the sum you've laid out already in working this thing. We'll say that that is to be paid back to you, as a separate transaction, and we'll put that to one side. Now, then, leaving that out of consideration, what do you think you ought to have out of the winnings, when we pull the thing off? Mind, I'm not thinking of your 2000 vendor's shares——"

"No; I'm not thinking much of them, either," interposed Semple, with a kind of dry significance in his tone.

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"Oh, they'll be all right," Thorpe affirmed. He laughed unconsciously as he did so. "No, what I want to get at is your idea of what should come to you, as a bonus, when I scoop the board."

"As to that, £20,000," said Semple with surprising readiness.

"Bah! I could go and buy their colleges and let the kids wear them for breast-pins if I wanted to!"

Thorpe's slow glance brightened a trifle. "I had thought thirty would be a fairer figure," he remarked with an effort at simplicity.

The broker put out his under-lip. "You will find people rather disposed to distrust a man who promises more than he's asked," he remarked coldly.

"Yes, I know what you mean," Thorpe hurried to say, flushing awkwardly, even though the remark was so undeserved; "but it's in my nature. I'm full of the notion of doing things for people that have done things for me. That's the way I'm built. Why——" he halted to consider the advisability of disclosing what he had promised to do for Lord Plowden, and decided against it—"why, without you, what would the whole thing have been worth to me? Take one thing alone,—the money for the applications,—I could have no more got at it than I could at the Crown Jewels in the Tower. I've wondered since, more than once,—if you don't mind the question,—how did you happen to have so much ready money lying about?"

▪

"There are some Glasgow and Aberdeen folk who trust me to invest for them," the broker explained. "If they get five per cent. for the four months, they'll be very pleased. And so I shall be very pleased to take thirty thousand instead of twenty,—if it presents itself to your mind in that way. You will give me a letter to that effect, of course?"

"Of course," assented Thorpe. "Write it now, if you like." He pushed his chair forward, closer to the desk, and dipped a pen in the ink. "What I want to do is this," he said, looking up. "I'll make the promise for thirty-two thousand, and I'll get you to let me have two thousand in cash now,—a personal advance. I shall need it, if I'm to hang about on the Continent for four months. I judge you think it'll be four months before things materialize, eh?"

The special settlement, in the natural order of events, would come shortly after the Christmas holidays. That is nearly three

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months. Then the work of taking fortnightly profits will begin,—and it is for you to say how long you allow that to go on."

"But about the £2000 now," Thorpe reminded him.

"I think I will do that in this way," said Semple, kicking his small legs nonchalantly: "I will buy 2000 fully paid shares of you for cash down,—not vendors' shares, you observe,—and then I will take your acknowledgment that you hold them for me in trust up to a given date. In that way I would not at all weaken your market, and I would have a stake in the game."

"Your stake in the game's pretty big already," commented Thorpe tentatively.

"It's just a fancy of mine," said the other, with his first smile. "I like to hold shares that are making sensational advances. It is very exciting."

"All right," said Thorpe, in accents of resignation. He wrote out two letters, accepting the wording which Semple suggested from his perch on the desk, and then the latter, hopping down, took the chair in turn, and wrote a check.

"Do you want it open?" he asked over his shoulder. "Are you going to get it cashed at once?"

"No; cross it," said the other. "I want it to go through my bankers. It'll warm their hearts toward me. I sha'n't be going till the end of the week, in any event. I suppose you know the Continent by heart."

"On the contrary, very little, indeed. I've had business in Frankfort once, and in Rotterdam once, and in Paris twice. That's about all."

"But don't you ever do anything for pleasure?" Thorpe asked him, as he folded the check in his pocketbook.

"Oh, yes, many things," responded the broker lightly. "It's a pleasure, for example, to buy Rubber Consols at par."

"Oh, if you call it buying," said Thorpe, and then softened his words with an apologetic laugh. "I didn't tell you, did I? I've been spending Saturday and Sunday with Plowden,—you know, the Lord Plowden on my Board."

"I know of him very well," observed the Scotchman. "Has he a place that he asks people down to, then? That isn't the usual form with guinea pigs."

"Ah, but he isn't the guinea pig variety at all," Thorpe asserted warmly. "He's really a splendid fellow, with his little oddities, like the rest of us, of course, but a decent chap all through. Place? I should think he had got a place! It's one of the swellest old country houses you ever saw, and it's kept up as if they had fifty thousand a year at the very least. Do you happen to know what his real income is supposed to be?"

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Semple shook his head. He had taken his hat, and was smoothing it deftly with the palm of his hand.

"I asked," Thorpe went on, "because he had so much to say about his poverty. To hear him talk, you'd think the bailiffs were sitting on his doorstep. That doesn't prevent his having fast horses, and servants all over the place, and about the best shooting I've seen in the South of England. As luck would have it, I was in wonderful form. Gad! how I knocked the pheasants!" A clerk showed his head at the door, with a meaning gesture. "I must go now," said Semple briskly, and led the way out to another room. He halted here, and dismissed his caller with the brief injunction, "Don't go away without seeing me."

It was the noon hour, and the least considered grades of the city's slaves were in the streets on the quest for cheap luncheons. Thorpe noted the manner in which some of them studied the large bill of fare placarded beside a restaurant door; the spectacle prompted him luxuriously to rattle the gold coins remaining in his pocket. He had been as anxious about pence as the hungriest of those poor devils only a week before. And now! He thrust up the door in the roof of the cab, and bade the driver stop at his bank.

Thence, after some brief but very agreeable business, and a hurried inspection of the "Court" section of a London Directory, he drove to a telegraph station and dispatched two messages. They were identical in terms. One sought General Kervick at his residence,—he was in lodgings somewhere in the Hanover Square country,—and the other looked for him at his club. Both messages begged him to lunch at the Savoy at two o'clock that afternoon.

There was time and to spare now. Thorpe dismissed the cab at his hotel,—an unpretentious house in Craven Street,—and sent his luggage to his rooms. There were no letters for him on the board in the hallway, and he sauntered up to the Strand. As by force of habit, he turned presently into a side street, and stopped opposite the ancient bookshop of his family.

In the bright yet mellow light of the sunny autumn noontide, the blacks and roans and smoked drabs of the low old-brick front looked more dingy to his eye than ever. It spoke of antiquity, no doubt, but it was a dismal and graceless antiquity of narrow purposes and niggling thrift. It was so little like the antiquity, for example, of Hadlow House, that the two might have computed their age by the chronological systems of different planets. Although his sister's married name was Dabney, and she had been sole proprietor for nearly a dozen years, the sign over the doorway bore still its century-old legend, "Thorpe, Bookseller."

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He crossed the street, and paused for a moment to run an eye over the books and placards exposed on either side of the entrance. A small boy guarded these wares, and Thorpe considered him briefly, with curious recollections of how much of his own boyhood had been spent on that very spot. The lad under observation had a loutish and sullen face; its expression could not have been more devoid of intellectual suggestions if he had been posted in a Wiltshire field to frighten crows with a rattle, instead of being set here on the highway of the world's brain-movement, an agent of students and philosophers.

Thorpe wondered if in his time he could have looked such a lazy lout and sour young fool. No, no. That could not be. Boys were different in his day,—and especially boys in bookshops. They read something, and knew something of what they handled. They had some sort of aspirations, fitful and vague as these might be, to become in their time bookmen also. And in those days there still were bookmen,—widely informed, observant, devoted old bookmen,—who loved their trade, and adorned it.

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Thorpe reflected that, as he grew older, he was the better able to apprehend the admirable qualities of that departed race of literature's servants. Indeed, it seemed that he had never adequately realized before how proud a man might well be of descending from a line of such men. The thought struck him that very likely at this identical doorway, two generations back, a poor, out-at-the-elbows young law student named Plowden had stood and turned over pages of books he could not dream of buying. Perhaps, even, he had ventured inside, and deferentially picked acquaintance with the Thorpe of the period, and got bookish advice and friendly counsel from him for nothing.

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It was of no real significance that the law student grew to be Lord Chancellor, and the bookseller remained a bookseller; in the realm of actual values, the Thorpes were as good as the Plowdens.

A customer came out of the shop, and Thorpe went in, squeezing his way along the narrow passage between the tall rows of books to the small open space at the end. His sister stood here, momentarily occupied at a high desk. She did not look up.

"Well, I visited His Lordship all right." He announced his presence thus genially.

"I hope you're the better for it," she remarked, turning to him, after a pause, her emotionless, plain face.

"Oh, immensely!" he affirmed, with robust jocularity. "You should have seen the way they took to me. It was 'Mr. Thorpe' here and 'Mr. Thorpe' there, all over the place. Ladies of title mind me all to myself at breakfast two days running. And such ladies! Nicer than Sir Oh, I'm it's just as clear as daylight that I was intended for a fashionable career."

She smiled in a faint, passive way. "Well, they say 'better late than never,' you know."

"And after all, is it so very late?" he said, adopting her phrase as an expression of his thought. "I'm just turned forty, and I feel like a boy. I was looking at the Peerage there the other day, and do you know, I'm sixteen years younger than the first Lord Plowden was when they made him a Peer? Why, he didn't even get into the House of Commons until he was seven-and-forty."

"You seem to have the Plowden family on the brain," she commented.

"I might have worse things. You've no idea, Lou, how nice it all is. The mother, Lady Plowden, why, she made me feel as if I was at the very least a nephew of hers. And so simple and natural! She smiled at me, and listened to me, and said friendly things to me,—why, just as anybody might have done. You'll just love her, when you know her."

Louisa laughed in his face. "Don't be a fool, Joel," she adjured him, with a flash of scornful mirth.

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He mingled a certain frowning impatience with the buoyancy of his smile. "Why, of course, you'll know her," he protested. "What nonsense you're thinking of! Do you suppose I'm going to allow you to mess here with second-hand almanacs, and a sign in your window of 'threepence in the shilling discount for cash,' while I'm a millionaire? It's too foolish, Lou. You annoy me by supposing such a thing!"

"There's no good talking about it at all," she observed, after a little pause. "It hasn't come off yet, for one thing. And as I said the other night, if you want to do things for the children, that's another matter. They're of an age when they can learn whatever anybody chooses to teach them."

"Where are they now?" he asked. Upon the instant another plan began to unfold itself in the background of his mind.

"They're both at Cheltenham, though they're at different places, of course. I was recommended to send Julia there,—one of our old customers is a governor, or whatever it's called, and he got special terms for her. She was rather old, you know, to go to school, but he arranged it very nicely for her, and there is such a good boys' college there, it seemed the wisest thing to send Alfred, too. Julia is to finish at Christmas time, and what I'm going to do with her afterward is more than I know."

"Is she pretty?" the uncle of Julia inquired.

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"She's very nice," the mother answered with vague extenuation in her tone. "I don't know exactly about her looks, she varies so much. Sometimes I think she's pretty, and then again I can't think it. She's got good features, and she holds herself well, and she's very much the lady,—rather too much, I think, sometimes, but it all depends upon what you call pretty. She's not tall, you know. She takes after her father's family. The Dabneys are all rather little people."

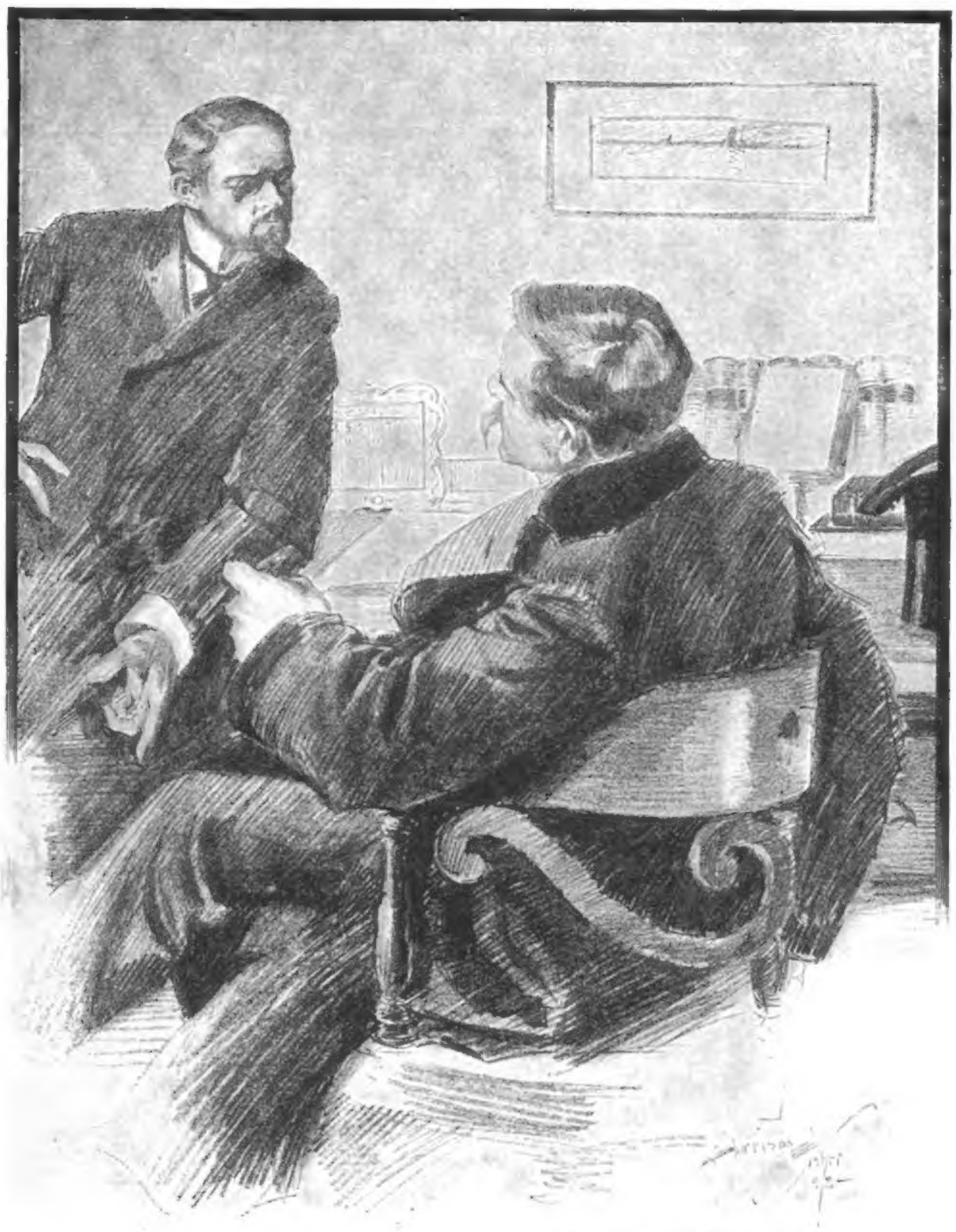
Thorpe seemed not to care about the Dabneys. "And what's Alfred like?" he asked.

"He wants to be an artist!" There was a perceptible note of apprehension in the mother's confession.

"Well, why shouldn't he, if he's got a bent that way?" demanded Thorpe, with reproof in his tone. "Did you want him to be a shopkeeper?"

"I should like to see him a doctor," she replied with dignity. "It was always my idea for him."

"Well, it's no good, even as an idea," he told her. "Doctors are like parsons; they can't keep up with the times. The age is outgrowing them. Only the fakirs in either profession get anything out of it nowadays. It's all mystery and sleight-of-hand, and the confidence trick medicine is, and if you



—on the corner of the desk with the light inconsequence of a bird on a twig

—showed his head at the door, with a meaning gesture

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haven't got just the right twist of the wrist, you're not in it. But an artist stands on his merits. There is his work, done by his own hands. It speaks for itself. There's no deception; it's easy enough to tell whether it's good or bad. If the pictures are good, people buy them. If they're bad, people don't buy them. Of course, it won't matter to Alfred, financially speaking, whether his pictures sell well or not. But probably he'd give it up if he didn't make a hit of it.

"I don't know that there's any crying need that he should do anything. My own idea for him, perhaps, would be the Army, but I wouldn't dream of forcing it on him against his will. I had a bitter enough dose of that, myself, with father. I'd try to guide a youngster,—yes, and perhaps argue with him, if I thought he was making a jack of himself; but I wouldn't dictate. If Alfred thinks he wants to be an artist, let him go ahead. It can be made a gentlemanly trade, and the main thing is that he should be a gentleman."

Louisa had listened to this discourse with apathetic patience. "If you don't mind, I don't know that I do," she said when it was finished. "Perhaps he wouldn't have made a good doctor; he's got a very quick temper. He reminds me of father, oh, ever so much more than you do. He contradicts everything everybody says. He quite knows it all."

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"But he's a good fellow, isn't he?" urged Thorpe. "I mean, he's got his likable points? I'm going to be able to get along with him?"

"I didn't get along with him very well," the mother admitted reluctantly, "but, I dare say with a man it would be different. You see, his father was ill all those four years, and Alfred hated the shop as bad as you did, and perhaps in my worry I blamed him more than was fair. I want to be perfectly fair to him in every way, you know."

"But is he a gentleman? That puts it in a word," Thorpe insisted.

"Oh, mercy, yes," Louisa made ready answer. "My only fear is, whether you won't find him too much of a gentleman."

Thorpe knitted his brows. "I only hope we're talking about the same thing," he said, in a doubtful tone. Before she could speak he lifted his hand. "Never mind, I can see for myself in ten minutes more than you could tell me in a lifetime. I've got a plan. I'm going on the Continent, in a few days' time, to stay for three or four months. I've got nothing special to do; just to travel about and see things, and kill time. I shall probably go to Italy, and Switzerland, and Paris, and the Rhine, and all sorts of places, and it occurred to me that I'd take the two youngsters with me. I could get acquainted with them that way, and they'd be company for me. I've been lonesome so long, it would feel good to have some of my own flesh and blood about me. And I suppose they'd be tickled to death to go."

"Their schooling and board are paid up to Christmas," Mrs. Dabney objected blankly.

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"Bah!" Thorpe prolonged the emphatic exclamation into something good-natured, and ended it with an abrupt laugh. "What difference on earth does that make? I could go and buy their colleges, and let the kids wear them for breastpins, if I wanted to. You said the girl was going to quit at Christmas in any case. Won't she learn more in four months, traveling about on the Continent, than she would trotting around in her own tracks there at Cheltenham?

"And it's even more important for the boy. He's of an age when he ought to see something of the world, and I ought to see something of him. Whatever he's going to do, it's time that he began getting his special start for it." He added, upon a luminous afterthought: "Perhaps his seeing the old Italian picture galleries and so on will cure him of wanting to be an artist."

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The mother's air displayed resigned acquiescence rather than conviction. "Well, if you really think it's best," she began, "I don't know that I ought to object. Goodness knows, I don't want to stand in their way. Ever since you sent that four hundred pounds it hasn't seemed as if they were my children at all. They've scarcely listened to me. And now you come, and propose to take them out of my hands altogether, and all I can say is, I hope you feel entirely justified. And so, shall I write them to come home? When do you think of starting? Julia ought to have some new traveling clothes."

"I can wait till you get her ready, only you must hurry up about it. I want to start as soon as possible."

Remembering something, he took out his check book and spread it on the desk. "I will give you back that thirty," he said, as he wrote, "and here's a hundred to get the youngsters ready,—you won't waste any time, will you?—and if you want more, tell me, and you can have it."

A customer had entered the shop and was waiting to be attended to, so Thorpe made it the occasion for leaving.

His sister, looking after her brother, with the check in her hand, was conscious of a thought which seemed to spell itself out in visible letters before her mental vision.

"Even now, I don't believe in him," the impalpable legend ran.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

Pictures by Henry Hutt

FIFTEENTH CHAPTER

TO HIS daughter the most convincing evidence of Professor Fremont's physical decline was his entire loss of interest in the mythological pursuits he had been carrying on enthusiastically for so many years. He felt the uselessness of effort; then, too, ever since Mr. Everett's reappearance in his life the affectional relations had assumed greater importance with him than the occupations which hitherto had filled all of his existence not devoted to his daughter.

During that long trip to California, as they approached the Middle Western States and neared the location of his brief marital happiness, his mind became preoccupied with the remembrance of those days, and with recurring dreams and visions of the young wife whose presence in his life had been the poetry of his existence, even in retrospect. Every subject his companions broached suggested to his mind some reminiscence of Mary, her thoughts and feelings.

Both Louise and Mr. Everett found that this growing tendency must be humored, for otherwise he became nervous and inclined to irritability. He would relapse into absorbing meditations from which he could only be aroused by the call Louise used habitually in bringing him back from deep thought or abstraction,—"Tom! Professor! Mary calls," then the vacant look would leave his eyes and the answer would come, "I am ready," in the very words Everett Layton had used in sealing his compact with Louise.

Sometimes she felt as though something must snap, scream or give way within her, the strain of her mingled sorrows having become almost unendurable. Even Mr. Everett was losing hope and his abundance of animal spirits when they reached Los Angeles. During the first few weeks of their stay there the Professor rallied slightly, his interest in events re-awakened in a measure, but no perceptible change was noticeable in his physical condition, either for better or for worse. An almost stupefying languor possessed him, but he still retained sufficient strength to drive short distances and to move about. Physicians were consulted in Los Angeles, but they looked dubious and said little. At the hotel, Louise, to her pleasure, met a woman whom she had last known in Switzerland, a widow of about thirty-five years, with a beautiful face and a spirit cleansed by the fires of a sad romance. She had married, ten years previous, on his death-bed, the man she loved, and soon afterward had lost her only relatives, a mother and sister. For several years she wandered about the Continent in search of a spar to which she might cling in the ocean of life, but failing in this endeavor she returned to her native land, with the purpose of helping those whose lives were even more barren than her own. Having large means, her philanthropy had at first been ill advised, but she had one particular idea she was working out, and experience taught her the best way to a practical application of her enthusiasm.

Philanthropy is like political economy, in that its theory and practice rarely keep step. For several years she had been engaged in doing the work that each day indicated, and finding "the peace that passeth all understanding" thereby.

When Louise met her, in the hotel at Los Angeles, she was on her way to a ranch she owned, in that golden world of the South, for a change of climate from the piercing lake winds of Chicago, that had disagreeably affected her naturally weak lungs. Mrs. Strangemore and Louise had always been sympathetic to each other. She was one of the few people who, in moving about the world, Louise had parted from with sincere regret, and she was proportionately glad to meet Mrs. Strangemore again at this time, when she needed the friendship of one of her own sex. Mrs. Strangemore was equally glad of the coincidental reëncounter, showing that she was by remaining over a few days for a visit with Louise.

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When she saw Professor Fremont's condition she insisted upon their all accompanying her to the ranch, where, as she said, "The air is so Heavenly one need not die to know something of the other world." She assured them that going with her would be an act of social charity, because otherwise she would spend the time alone miles from a town, with only her servants about her. They finally decided to go, because Professor Fremont seemod pleased with the thought, having always felt a particular desire to experience the expansive, free existence peculiar to ranch life. The journey was taken by easy stages, but, notwithstanding, the Professor was for several days after their arrival at El Graciano confined to his bed from excessive weakness.

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Mrs. Strangemore proved the friend who knows how to bear another's burden, not by sharing it, but by lending strength and support to the actual sufferer. Louise still clung to the hope of her father's recovery, and Mrs. Strangemore, with Mr. Everett's acquiescence, made no attempt to disabuse her mind. The Professor never referred to his condition.

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One day in March he sat looking off at the enchanting distance, composed of mountain ranges, completing a commanding background to the intervening woodlands and grazing-grounds, while Louise read to him a letter just received from an old friend who lived in the former of his early professional life, where his wife lay buried. As Louise finished reading the letter she said absently: "You must lay

"IF YOU COULD ONLY GIVE ME THE ONE THOUGHT THAT WOULD COMFORT ME, MY GOING WOULD BE EASIER"

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me there beside your mother, Louie, dear. Do you feel that I will find her waiting for me in another land? We have no premises from which to reason on that subject; we can only experience intuitive consciousness, and I believe her soul will seek me out, as it did here. Because two beings marry in this life, their souls need not of necessity mate,—that has been clearly demonstrated; but when the composite parts of one great loving soul meet on this earth, there can be no doubt, and just so must it be through eternity. Louie, dear, do you know that I am going to join your mother?" He turned his eyes from the landscape upon Louise as she sat trying to swallow dry sobs.

"No, no, father,—not yet!" was all she could reply, as she knelt down beside his chair and laid her head against his shoulder.

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"Yes, dear child; before a great while I must go. My span of years has reached its termination, and I should be quite ready to go were it not for leaving you. If you could only give me the one thought that would comfort me in leaving you, my going would be easier, daughter."

He passed his hand over her hair with the familiar caress.

"What would comfort you, father?" Louise asked hoarsely.

"The assurance that your life will not be passed alone,—that you are to be taken care of by Uncle Billy and Everett as one of their family. I have never intruded upon your confidence, Louie, dear,—that would seem to me indelicate,—but now before I go I would like to know whether you do or do not return Doctor Layton's evident regard."

"Yes, father. I will tell you, and would have long ago, but hesitated to bother you with my own small troubles," she replied, covertly using on her eyes the handkerchief he had dropped where she was kneeling.

"But that is not a small affair, Louie. It seems to me the largest affair in life, after all, because of its direct influence upon both the worldly and spiritual life of the individual. Why, my child, had your mother refused me I should have been a very different man, in all likelihood. When she married me she was so much my superior in all spiritual and moral relations that in order to approach her with my love I had to look up."

"Do you mean that literally, father?" Louise whispered. "That you were not mother's equal morally?"

"I fear I do, dear child. What man is the equal of a perfect woman? No doubt there are some such men, but I have known very few in my life. As I was saying, marriage is a safeguard to men as well as an inspiration, and I know no man with whom I would trust your future more confidently than with Doctor Layton. When a man is unselfish, the woman he loves can make of him what she pleases; a selfish man is a hopeless creature under any circumstances."

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"I am glad you think so well of him, father," she said softly, into his ear.

"But tell me how you think of him, Louie."

"I suppose I love him, father, more than most women know how to love, because he is the only man I ever cared for,—besides you and Uncle Billy,—but I have told him that I cannot marry him unless he conforms to my standard of living. I have no right to order the lives of the entire community, nor to set up an ideal for them, as you have told me; but I have every right to influence the being who is to go through life with me, and to insist upon certain things as I would do with myself. Don't you think I have?"

"Yes, Louie, you have. All women ought to do that. But such influence can most successfully be brought to bear after marriage in the more intimate relation of daily communion."

"I would not trust it, father. If a man cannot live for a woman while the halo of romantic passion fills his life, how could he afterward, when the commonplace relations of daily life together have worn away some of that first flush?"

"That feeling ought not to wear away, my child."

"No, it certainly ought not, in view of marital happiness, but the fact remains that it does. If Doctor Layton can live for me a year alone, I will trust my future to him. I should say our future, because what I ask of him is of far more importance to him than it is to me,—if he only realized it."

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"Then I am to understand that he is on a year's probation?" asked her father, a faint smile showing in his tired eyes.

"Yes; I suppose it might be called that," she replied, with no keen relish of that designation.

"Then I have no fear for your future, Louie. You will be Doctor Layton's wife some day, if not directly. I shall leave you in strong, protecting hands. Any man would sign a temperance pledge, or any other pledge, for the woman he loves."

Louise raised her head and looked directly at him as she replied, "You don't mean that, father. I would trust Doctor Layton's word in any case."

"To be sure you would, child; that is one of the evidences of the sincerity of your affection, and his word is to be trusted. He is a man of impulse and hasty action (it didn't take him long to love you, did it?), but he is an honorable man, fashioned after a noble example,—Billy Everett. I am so glad of this, Louie! I am greatly relieved. I feared you did not love him. Women are so complicated nowadays. They wash and starch and sprinkle and iron their feelings, and sometimes hang them out to dry before they find out they are in love. I think you would be happier, dear, if you would take a shorter cut to matrimony,—but every woman must have her own way, I suppose. Now, your mother was different, Louie, dear. When I asked her to be my wife, she looked up, smiling divinely, and said, 'Why, of course, Professsor Tom; did you suppose that I wouldn't?' but she was only a girl, who hadn't thought things out, you know. There don't seem to be any girls left nowadays,—female creatures are mature from the cradle. Now I am greatly fatigued, dear; I think I will lie down for a time. It does relieve me so to think of your future with Everett Layton and his uncle. I could not leave my little girl all alone, could I, dear?"

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"Father! Father! Do not say so confidently that you are going. How do you know? You are no worse," she cried, clinging to him.

"Perhaps not, Louie, but I have a strange feeling as if my flesh were slipping, slipping away from my body. I am no longer conscious of my body, and my mind sees far, far off into a new land, not altogether unfamiliar,—a land where pain and sorrow have ceased to be. It seems to me a land of peace, dear,—a land where love abounds, stripped of its earthly passions and grown into divine proportions. The spirit of rest is everywhere, dear,—rest from the struggles of mundane life, but not from its labors, for there work is adjusted in harmony with the mind's conception of it, as a sublime necessity, a divine means. Eternity having no end, this seems to me only a blissful continuance, a divine progress, such as my mind before could not have conceived. I am ready to go if Mary is there; I cannot see her yet, but sometimes I hear her voice. Let me rest a while now. We have talked long."

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The Professor's face had brightened as he talked,—looking within for his vision. Louise in silent awe led her father to his bed and covered him up. He fell asleep, and rested for some time, while she sat beside him with an aching heart. She had never told him of her gradually dimming eyes. She could not put this sorrow upon him in his present condition.

The following day Mr. Everett was sitting on the veranda beside the Professor, who, well wrapped up, and wearing his broad-brimmed felt hat shading his eyes, sat in the full sunlight, of which he never seemed to get too much.

They had been talking over matters of personal interest. Mr. Everett had received Louise as a precious bequest from her father, and was attempting to divert his friend's mind into a less-depressing channel of thought, when suddenly the Professor straightened up in his chair as though he heard an unexpected sound, listening intently.

"Billy!" he exclaimed, with a glad light transforming his face. "Billy! I hear her voice! Mary calls me! I am ready," and he fell back into the great mystery, but he only appeared to be happy in his sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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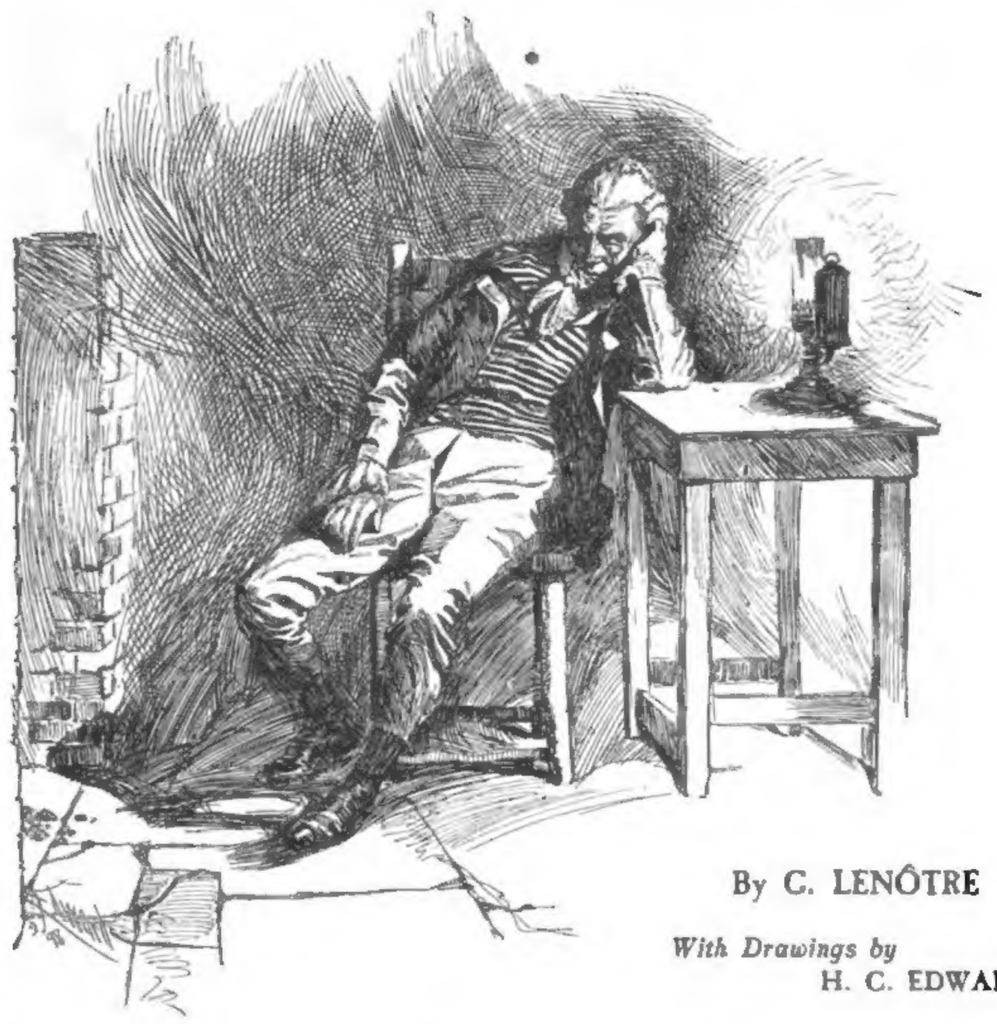
THE COUNT'S SANTA CLAUS

When Matthew Outwitted the Soldiers



By C. LENÔTRE

With Drawings by
H. C. EDWARDS

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1793, little Matthew approached the mansion of the Count de Plessis-Morambert, about nightfall, without having taken off his blackened, chimney-sweep clothes.

Some years before he had happened to clean out a chimney in that same house on Christmas Eve, just as the Count himself had arranged in the hall an enormous pyramid of toys and sweets, which his son Jack was to find there in the morning. Matthew was about the same age as the child of the Count, who, noticing the admiring, yet unselfish, glances of the boy, and attracted by the intelligent and honest appearance of the young laborer, spoke a few words to him, gave him a gold coin, and had supper served him in the servants' hall.

The pleasant recollections of that feast had prompted the little fellow for the last three years to call again, on the same day, at the hospitable mansion, and each time he had found his gold piece and the supper ready for him. To his credit be it said, gratitude for the Count's kindness was as strong a motive for his annual return to the palace as his love for good eating or money.

On that evening, then, December 24, 1793, Matthew was discomfited at finding the mansion closed. There was no light to be seen at any of the numerous windows. He had rapped several times on the gate, with the heavy brass knocker, without getting any attention. When on the point of leaving, he saw at the end of the street, looming out of the increasing darkness, the outlines of a man and child coming rapidly toward him. Matthew soon recognized the Count's son, Jack de Morambert, and the old trusted butler, Jean, and ran forward to meet them.

"Oh, it is you, my poor boy," said the young Count, quite affected at the meeting; "come,—come inside, quick!"

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They had hardly entered the building when Jack broke out in sobs. "It is a week to-day," he said, "since my father was arrested. The revolutionary committee of this district has denounced him, and before the year is out he will have to pass before the tribunal. Oh! My poor Matthew, I believe my father is lost!"

Matthew was amazed when he learned that the Count had been accused of "incivism," at that epoch a crime which was always atoned for on the dreaded guillotine. For a week past Jack had gone every evening to the prison; he had been refused permission to speak to his father; but at least he could see him through the bars of a small window looking out upon the street, whence the Count sent him many mute kisses. He had stood there every evening, looking up at the window until driven away by the darkness. He was coming from that sorrowful pilgrimage when Matthew met him in the street.

"Do not grieve so, Master Jack," said the little chimney-sweep, in whose existence the Reign of Terror had not caused the slightest change; "it is not possible that those bad people could want to condemn to death the Count, who was always so kind and so charitable!"

"Alas! that's just what will lose him his life!"

"Keep up your courage, Master Jack. Let me try——"

"What could you do? You are only a child, too, and any measures undertaken in his behalf would only hasten his doom!"

Jack again began to cry. Matthew tried to console him as best he could. The two boys conversed together for almost an hour. When Matthew left the house it was dark.

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The Count had been confined by his accusers in the Prison of the Abbey. During the first hours of his captivity he had paced his cell like a beast in its cage, a prey to that furious excitement that feverishly intensifies the senses of those detained against their will. He explored the innermost recesses of the small room; he tried to move the heavy bars placed crosswise at his window, and to batter down the door in his eagerness to discover some means of flight. The solidity of the grill in the window, the thickness of the walls, the enormous lock on the door, held down by powerful screws, soon dissipated any doubt in his mind as to the strength of his jail. After this crazed exertion came the reaction; forced inactivity caused long hours of prostration; finally he had resigned himself to his fate.

That evening he sat quietly in his cell, by the light of a dull, flickering lamp his jailer had brought. The only furniture in the room was a narrow cot, a small table, and a chair with a seat of plaited straw. There he sat, gazing blankly into the empty fireplace, his head resting upon his hand.

His thoughts carried him back to the house where he knew himself beloved. He saw his little son Jack in tears, alone in the large, deserted mansion, folding his little hands to pray for his father's safety. Then he remembered those evenings of former years, when the lad hung up his stockings in front of the fireplace on Christmas Eve, before he went to bed, hoping for the visit of dear Santa Claus, who had never failed him!

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What would Jack think to-morrow, when, on waking, he found himself forgotten by Santa Claus? At the thought of the boy's disappointment the Count's eyes filled with tears. He could not help thinking of those happy nights, when noiselessly he slipped into the room of his sleeping child, filling the suspended stockings with oranges and sweets, nuts and apples, and placing toys tied with ribbons in the fireplace, as if they had been thrown down through the chimney by the mysterious Santa Claus while on his errand of dispensing happiness among good children. He could almost see the white pine boxes, filled with proud soldiers, packed in sawdust, the drum and the bugle, the gun and the swords galore.

As Count de Plessis-Morambert abandoned himself to his sad dreams a jarring noise was heard in the chimney, a mass of gravel and soot fell upon the stone flagging of the fireplace, followed, almost immediately, by a voluminous bundle closely tied, which fell on the floor with a dull thud and rolled into the middle of the cell.

Astonished at this extraordinary advent, the Count looked up, his glance alternately searching the fireplace and the mysterious bundle. Suddenly he perceived two feet dangling from the chimney; an instant later these feet nimbly touched the ground, and a black form followed, first squatting in the fireplace, and then bounding into the room with the words:

"Do not fear anything, Sir Count,—it's me,—I'm Matthew!"

It was Matthew. There he stood in front of the prisoner, his face and clothes blackened with soot and dirt, but smiling and showing two rows of white teeth, while his eyes sparkled strangely.

"Matthew?" said the Count, trying to recall the name to his memory.

"I didn't forget you, oh, no!" said Matthew. "I've just come from your house, sir. Master Jack is well; but, by all saints, he ain't happy! Well, we'll talk of that later. I've come to take you away."

"Take me away!"

"Yes, but we mustn't lose any time; speak lower, please. I have all you want; here's clothes for you," and the little fellow opened the parcel of rags he had dropped in his descent through the chimney. "I took them from my employer; here's a roll of louis d'ors Master Jack gave me; there are two thousand francs, he said; they might come handy, but you must hide them. In a quarter of an hour we'll be outside."

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"But where is the way out, my poor little chap? You do not hope to get me out the way you got in? Moreover, where would it lead us to? Upon roofs. How did you come to find the way to my cell?"

"Master Jack told me you were in the room at the corner of the Rue Sainte Marguerite, the last window on the second floor; I examined it closely; with a little practice nothing is easier,—but now, Sir Count, I'll answer no more questions; I'm going to work, and you must get dressed."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is translated from the French of G. Lenôtre, by Paul Richard Freisinger.

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Matthew stepped to the door of the cell and carefully examined the lock and bolts; from his pocket he drew a big screwdriver, and began to unscrew the enormous lock. He worked with great energy, and his labor soon showed his efficiency.

The Count watched him. He was in one of those moods when a mollified and discouraged mind tamely submits to an inferior will. Mechanically he obeyed an imperative gesture from Matthew, and, taking off his coat, put on the dirty clothes over his other garments. He first took up the trousers, stiff with soot and grease, then the oily vest and coat brought in by the child. Another sign made him take off his wig and go to the fireplace, where he boldly smeared his face and hair and hands with the black soot that had fallen in flecks down the chimney.

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The Count looked like a professional chimney sweeper when he turned toward Matthew, who, by this time, triumphantly brandished the big lock in his hand. By a nod the lad showed his approval of the appearance of the Count, then, approaching closely, he whispered in an undertone:

"You are safe; take that money and hide it about your person; I have taken out one louis d'or, which I shall need. You will descend the stairs right behind me. When I approach the sentinel, go on your way without stopping for me; continue straight through the gate into the street, and turn to the left, without hesitation. Do you understand?"

The Count answered the lad by a warm pressure of his hand. Matthew opened the door of the cell and looked out into the corridor; it was deserted. Without undue hurry, he allowed the Count to pass out, shut the cell door carefully behind him, and both walked down the hall to the short flight of stairs at the farther end.

In the vestibule of the prison, a jailer, who had started on his turn less than an hour ago, slept in the glass cage by the heavy gate. The dim light of a small lamp upon the table within the cage allowed but a limited view of the outside. It was a cold night, and the little earthenware stove kept the jailer's feet warm. The Count, guided by the gestures of the boy, had kept in the shadow, where his black silhouette disappeared almost entirely, while Matthew boldly knocked at the window of the jailer's box, and woke up the guardian:

"The door-rope, citizen!"

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The jailer opened his eyes, directed the light of his lamp upon the face of the speaker, and, beholding but a child, loaded down with ropes, hooks, brooms, and the other accessories of his trade, was assured that all was right and pulled the rope. The gate opened and they went out. As the Count stepped forth he could hardly control a movement backward, when he found himself face to face with a sentinel, who had turned toward the gate at the click of the lock. But Matthew had foreseen everything.

"Excuse me, Corporal," he addressed the sentinel as soon as he heard the gate close behind him; "can you tell me where I can find the chief of this post?"

"The chief of this post? What do you want of him. What are you doing in here? Who's that man going out? Hold on, you can't pass out!"

"I want to hand over to the chief of this post a gold piece which I found up there in an empty room, when sweeping a chimney; here it is. I don't know what to do with it," and the boy showed the sentinel a new louis d'or, glittering in his black fingers.

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The sans-culotte, whom Matthew had flattered by calling him "Corporal" while he was but a private, examined the coin, placed it in his pocket (the louis d'or at that time was worth 800 francs in paper money), and more pacified growled: "It's all right! I will give it to the chief myself; it is not worth while to wake him up for it."

"Thanks, citizen!"

"Thanks for nothing, blackamoor!"

And Matthew, starting on a run, soon joined the Count de Plessis-Morambert, who, during the conversation between Matthew and the sentinel, had escaped, and briskly walked up the Rue de Buci.

The brave lad had his plans all fixed; he did not forget that it would be impossible to hide the Count within the city of Paris. The regular visits to the citizens' houses rendered all attempts to throw the police off their tracks illusory. Moreover, where could they have found during this Reign of Terror a person either heroic or foolish enough to offer a shelter, even for one single night, to an escaped prisoner, whose flight would be announced on the morrow to all the agents of the Committee of General Surety?

Matthew had resolved to leave France and to escape into Savoy. There he knew of one house at least where his noble protégé could sojourn without danger, until the revolutionary cyclone had blown over. This refuge was the hut of his own parents. In ten days they might reach the frontier, and two Savoyards, returning to their old home in the characteristic garb of chimney-sweeps, stood small chance of awaking any suspicion on the route. As a further precaution, Matthew tied a piece of linen around the Count's head, as if some wound had necessitated a bandage. This would also explain the absolute silence which was to be preserved by the Count in the presence of a third person. Matthew undertook to do all the required talking, and to discourage all inquisitive meddlers they might meet.

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They got out of Paris that night through by-ways and passages which the Count had never before trodden. Once out, they had no more trouble; on the second day of the march the Count de Plessis-Morambert, not accustomed to walking, deprived of all the comforts he was accustomed to; eating poor bacon in cheap inns on the roadside, drinking water at the wells or springs, and sleeping on hay or straw in barns, was no more constrained to disguise himself.

He took in earnest the part he had played, of a harassed, sick and wounded laborer, dragging himself as well as he could along the road to his native country. Nobody could possibly have suspected an aristocrat in that thin, dirty, wretched looking fellow, who spoke little, but whose young companion gabbled the Savoy dialect with so much facility.

The sight of the gold rolling on the ground crazed them

The Count had frequent occasion to admire the ingenious logic and the strength of mind of this lad who had saved him. Until now, he had never had opportunity to appreciate the robust virtues of the men of the people. As a veritable aristocrat, he had never believed in such a possibility. This devotion and absolute disinterestedness of a poor chimney-sweep, who risked his life in token of his gratitude for a Christmas supper and a present of a louis d'or, was to him an absolute novelty and a source of great astonishment. All day long, during the tedious march, he kept his mind busy over the quotation:

"Where the deuce is virtue going to nestle?"

If his aristocratic pride had not altogether vanished under the tough lessons of the last few weeks, his opinion about the roughness of the people had been severely shaken.

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Twelve days after their escape from Paris the fugitives arrived at the last French village,—Matthew still fresh, cheerful, and full of spirit; the Count tired out, limping, and hardly able to drag himself any farther. They had stopped, after an all-night march, in a public house, where they bought food, when the landlord inquired of Matthew:

"Is that your father?" with a gesture toward the Count.

"It's the brother of my employer."

"Is he ill?"

"He was hurt falling from a roof. I take him back home."

"Have you a passport?"

"A—what?"

"You will not be able to pass the frontier without papers; the bridge is guarded by patriot soldiers. Only yesterday noon they arrested two would-be emigrants who were disguised as Italian cheese-mongers."

Matthew's face turned pale under its layer of soot; he had not foreseen this difficulty. Still he controlled his feelings.

"I don't know about that," he replied simply. "I would like to pass just the same, for I want to get over there soon. The old man can hardly drag himself any farther," he added more confidently.

"In order to pass the guard you must have papers," replied the man, and then he busied himself with other matters.

An hour later, the fugitives, seated upon a fallen tree at the side of the road, discussed the situation, striving, without success, to imagine a plan by which they might clear the last obstacle separating them from safety. Straight ahead the road descended to the banks of a creek, crossing it by a bridge. On the other side of that bridge was Savoy; it was but 500 yards away, and they could see from their present point of vantage the stake, painted in the colors of Savoy, that marked the frontier on the other side of the bridge. But several rods on this side of the creek they also saw, in front of the custom officer's house, a dozen well-armed soldiers, evidently charged with guarding the bridge.

"Listen to me, Sir Count," said Matthew; "you will have to make one last effort; we will travel across the fields, and try to get over the creek on the ice, and——"

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"It is impossible, my dear Matthew; I can hardly put one foot in front of the other any more; and on the frozen ground I could not make three steps!"

"Well, then," resumed Matthew, "let's try to pass the bridge, and, while I endeavor to amuse the soldiers, you gather all your strength and run across——"

"Run?" said the Count piteously, showing his swollen limbs. "Moreover, the balls from their guns would catch me very quickly!"

"They will shoot, perhaps, but then they may miss you——"

"And they would keep you prisoner, my poor Matthew, and your own life would be the price of your devotion to me; no, I will never consent."

"Well, what then?" Matthew asked sadly.

"This is the end. We are wrecked in sight of port! You may abandon me here on the road and gain the frontier across the country, and I will give myself up after I see that you are in safety."

Matthew scratched his head (with him always a sign of great emotion), and after thinking for a few moments, he said:

"We have one last chance, Sir Count; we will quietly advance to the place where the soldiers are on guard. When they ask us for our papers, you must walk on as fast as you can, while I will slowly unbutton my vest and make believe that I am searching for our passports in my pockets; in the meantime you will have advanced several yards. After that, we'll leave the rest to the Lord and all saints! Only——" Here the child hesitated.

"Well?"

"Only, since we are not certain to escape, it is useless for you to keep that roll of gold; if they should search you, such a sum in gold would compromise you irreparably."

The Count acquiesced by a nod of the head. The last words of Matthew were to him a revelation of the truth; surely it was ridiculous for him to expect this child of the people to serve him purely from devotion.

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This was the first time that he had ever been taken in by the shamming of unselfishness on the part of a laborer, but the experience was conclusive: the young Savoyard had but one object in view, the appropriation of that sum, which, for him, meant a large fortune, and thus getting himself paid for his services.

The Count drew the money from his pocket, and, with an undisguised air of contempt, placed it in the hands of his little companion; then, passing his hand over his forehead, as if to chase away the bitter thoughts suggested by his deception, he rose.

"I am going to give myself up," he said; "you would better try to escape if you can; every one should look out for himself."

"I shall not leave you," was Matthew's reply.

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A few minutes later the fugitives arrived at the post; the soldiers, without distrust, in view of the characteristic costumes of the two travelers, allowed them to pass unmolested, except for some sneering remarks; but they had hardly gone a few steps farther toward the bridge before the officer of the guard, who entertained suspicions against these two men, called to his soldiers to stop them.

"Hold on; here are two fellows violating our instructions. Here, young fellow!"

Matthew made believe he had not heard him,—that meant some yards gained.

"Will you stop, you good-for-nothing?"

Matthew turned face about, and, with an astonished air, came back toward the post, while the Count, gathering all his strength, hastened toward the frontier.

"What do you want of me, citizen?" demanded the child naively.

"Your passport. And your companion there,—is he stone deaf?"

"He's badly hurt. He fell from a——"

"He must stop or we will shoot!"

"Citizen, don't shoot. My passport? Why, I'll give it to you right away, my passport!" And, while watching with one eye the Count de Plessis-Morambert, who was but a few yards away from the bridge by this time, the lad plunged his hand into every pocket, turned his cap inside out, and emptied his bag. The officer saw through the boy's manœuvre, and, with a curse, ordered his men to shoot:

"Shoot, you fools! Don't you see that's a Royalist who's giving you the slip!"

All the guns were leveled at the man on the bridge, who plodded on, unconscious of the danger threatening him. Matthew with one bound jumped between the guns and the bridge; the soldiers hesitated to murder this defenseless child.

"Fire!" repeated the officer.

But at that moment, Matthew, taking a handful of the gold pieces from his pocket, threw them in front of the men.

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All the soldiers, including the officer, rolled in a heap; they were entangled in an indescribable jumble; the sight of the gold rolling on the ground crazed them. Throwing away their arms, they precipitated themselves upon the ground to pick up the coins, hurting each other, overturning their fellows in trying to tear from each other this unexpected booty.

Matthew did not stop to admire the tableau, but hurried to join the Count on the other side of the bridge, outside of France! And, while the soldiers still disputed among themselves about the coins, the child, waving his dirty old cap, sang out in the Savoy dialect: "Long live Liberty!"

Then he stooped to assist his companion, who had broken down at the foot of the stake painted in the three colors of Savoy, but not alone from fatigue and pain. The Count de Plessis-Morambert wept,—he cried for joy and gratitude, but also for shame at his distrust of the motives of the poor little chimney-sweep, Matthew, who had so bravely saved him from certain death!

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Swords and Scabbards

THE sword recently presented to General Schley by the people of Philadelphia cost over $3500, the greater part of which was spent on the jewels and decorations on the scabbard. A little more than half a century ago, when General Winfield Scott, for whom Schley was named, received a beautiful sword from the State of Louisiana, he was asked how it pleased him.

"It is a very fine sword, indeed," he said, "but there is one thing about it I would have preferred different. The inscription should be on the blade, not on the scabbard. The scabbard may be taken from us; the sword, never."

The world spends too much time, money and energy on the scabbard of life; too little on the sword. The scabbard represents outside show, vanity and display; the sword, intrinsic worth. The scabbard is ever the semblance; the sword, the reality. The scabbard is the temporal; the sword is the eternal. The scabbard is the body; the sword is the soul. The scabbard represents the material side of life; the sword, the true, the spiritual, the ideal.

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The man who does not dare follow his own convictions, but who lives in terror of what society will say, falling prostrate before the golden calf of public opinion, is living an empty life of mere show. He is sacrificing his individuality, his divine right to live his life in harmony with his own high ideals, to a cowardly, toadying fear of the world. He is not a voice, with the strong note of individual purpose; he is but the thin echo of the voice of thousands. He is not brightening, sharpening and using the sword of his life in true warfare; he is lazily ornamenting a useless scabbard with the hieroglyphics of his folly.

The man who lives beyond his means, who mortgages his future for his present, who is generous before he is just, who is sacrificing everything to keep up with the procession of his superiors, is really losing much of life. He, too, is decorating the scabbard, letting the sword rust in its sheath.

Life is not a competition with others. In its truest sense it is a competition with ourselves. We should each day seek to break the record of our yesterday. We should seek each day to live stronger, better, truer lives; each day to master some weakness of yesterday; each day to repair past follies; each day to surpass ourselves. And this is but progress. And individual, conscious progress, progress unending and unlimited, is the one great thing that differentiates man from all the other animals. Then we will care naught for the pretty, useless decorations of society's approval on the scabbard. For us it will be enough to know that the blade of our purpose is kept ever keen and sharp for the defense of right and truth, never to wrong the rights of others, but ever to right the wrongs of ourselves and those around us.

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Reputation is what the world thinks a man is; character is what he really is. Every one can play shuttlecock with a man's reputation; his character is his alone. No one can injure his character but himself. Character is the sword; reputation is the scabbard. Many men acquire insomnia in standing guard over their reputation, while their character gives them no concern. Often they make new dents in their character in their attempt to cut a deep, deceptive filigree on the scabbard of their reputation. Reputation is the shell a man discards when he leaves life for immortality. His character he takes with him.

The woman who spends thousands in charitable donations, and is hard and uncharitable in her judgments, sentimentally sympathetic with human sin and weakness in the abstract, while she arrogates to herself omniscience in her harsh condemnation of individual lapses, is charitable only on the outside. She is letting her tongue undo the good work of her hand. She is too enthusiastic in decorating the scabbard of publicity to think of the sword of real love for humanity.

The man who wears an oppressive, pompous air of dignity because he has accomplished some little work of importance, because he is vested with a brief mantle of authority, loses sight of the true perspective of life. He is destitute of humor; he takes himself seriously. It is a thousand-dollar scabbard on a two-dollar sword.

The girl who marries merely for money or for a title is the feminine Esau of this end of the century. She is selling her birthright of love for the pottage of an empty name, forfeiting the possibility of a life of love, all—that true womanhood should hold most dear, for a mere bag of gold or a crown. She is decorating the scabbard with a crest and heraldic designs, and with ornaments of pure gold set with jewels. She feels that this will be enough for life, and that she does not need love, real love, that has made this world a paradise, despite all the other people present.

The shoddy airs and ostentatious extravagance and prodigality of those who have suddenly become rich is gold-plating the scabbard without improving the blade. The superficial veneer of refinement really accentuates the native vulgarity. The more you polish woodwork the more you reveal the grain. Nothing looks so cheap as a cheap man in a dress suit. Some of the sudden legatees of fortune have the wisdom to acquire the reality of refinement through careful training. This is the true method of putting the sword itself in order instead of begemming the scabbard.

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The philosophy of swords and scabbards is as true of nations as of individuals. When France condemned Dreyfus to infamy and isolation, deafening her ears to the cries of justice and seeking to cover her shame with greater shame, she sheathed the sword of a nation's honor in the scabbard of a nation's crime. The breaking of the sword of Dreyfus, when he was cruelly degraded before the Army, typified the degradation of the French nation in breaking the sword of justice and preserving carefully the empty scabbard with its ironic inscription "*Vive la justice.*"

When Spain, the Rip Van Winkle of the nations, forgot that the Middle Ages with their barbarities were over, and converted Cuba into one vast bull-baiting arena, she buried the sword of "honor" shamelessly into the heart of a helpless people. And through it all she kept protesting automatically, with the monotonous iteration of a mechanical doll, that "the nation's honor must be preserved."

Now, in the United States, when we are sheathing the sword of defense, nobly drawn in "the world's first war of humanity," we find the scabbard is marked and decorated with one of the most disgraceful military scandals of modern times. Official corruption and intrigue of which even Spain might be ashamed is the latest act in the drama of war,—a lamentable dishonor in the hour of the nation's pride.

The scabbard is useless in the hour of emergency; *then* it is upon the sword itself that we must rely. Then the worthlessness of show, sham, pretense, gilded weakness is revealed to us. Then the trivialities of life are seen in their true form. The nothingness of everything but the real, the tried, the true, is made luminant in an instant. Then we know whether our living has been one of true preparation, of keeping the sword clean, pure, sharp and ready, or one of mere idle, meaningless, day-by-day markings of folly on the empty scabbard of a wasted life. —THE EDITOR.

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The Price of a Pedestal

IN THE nursery days of warfare, when men went up against a walled city with catapults and battering rams, a campaign dragged through a decade, and a century scarce sufficed to spread a hero's fame. Through slow succeeding generations the story of his mighty deeds was told until some Homer wove it in his song and made his name immortal. But of the man there was no memory then.

Steel has supplanted stone; the catapult has grown into the rifled gun; what Agamemnon and his Greeks could hardly do in seven long years our Yankee boys accomplished in as many weeks. And every one of these saw heroes made by scores. Never was laurel so plentiful, never grew bay so low as during that Spanish war of ours. An epic? We had heroes for a dozen long before the day of peace.

Nor was there any tiresome waiting for these honors. Against the one poor Homer of that Trojan war we had a hundred eager correspondents on whom a hundred hungry editors were calling every day for copy. A Captain took tea on the bridge under fire, an Ensign let off a great gun and an epigram simultaneously,—he was immortalized by telegraph. Could anything be quicker, more *fin de siècle*, more satisfactory to the hero? And we at home were happy, too. Before, our Pantheon had been half empty. Long had we envied Europe its crowded temples, where every name cut in the stone meant something in history. But now, our opportunity was come; we could make up our deficit in heroes.

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As each new statue was finished we hoisted it up on one of the vacant pedestals and thanked the reporters. Never had our Pantheon been so full; never had it looked so complete. But during the height of our happiness a strange thing, a most unseemly thing, happened: one of the statues began to talk. He told us just where he had stood, how he had felt, and what he had had for supper on that evening when he had spoken his historic sentence. We were astounded. Precedent and the eternal fitness of things forbade that a statue should talk, and we promptly put it out of the Pantheon. But the contagion had spread; whole rows of statues, all the ready-made heroes, all the department-made heroes, all the space-rate heroes, were talking at once and telling how they did it. One by one they talked themselves down to the level of the commonplace, and out. Of all that great company only a handful remained silent; but they were heroes worth having.

The way of the hero is hard,—while he lives. When the wild charge or the dash against death is done his battle is but half over. There is the ambushed interview to be repulsed; the smiling, treacherous banquet speech to be met; and a straight course must be steered between the ten-thousand-dollar magazine offer and the twenty-thousand-dollar lecture temptation. In short, a hero must not only stand the fire test, but the handling of every-day life,—or die,—if he would stay a hero. It is easier for most men to die. The price of a pedestal is high; few can pay it. It is won with the sword and held with the tongue.

—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

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Where Literature is Loved

THE dainty metropolitan nibblers at the literature of the day, who pick up one magazine after another from the tables of their clubs and private libraries, only to give them an indifferent glance, and who grow restless when left alone in the quiet company of books, need an exile to the land where literature is loved. And where is that? Very likely they will smile in fine scorn at the answer: In the country. But every man and woman who has spent youth on an American farm of the typical kind knows that the real throne of the living author is at the hearth of the winter-bound farmhouse and the fireside of the humble home in the village. In the city an author is not much. He is only one man of many, passed on the street, seen in the restaurant, pointed out at the theatre,—perchance a shabby second to the sleek millionaire. The ruddy-faced "gentleman with the big diamond," who owns a string of trotters and is the talk of the racing circuit, is a competitor who throws the humble scribe into the shade so far as metropolitan attention is concerned. He must be a genuine "literary lion," with picturesque mane and other theatrical accessories, who is reckoned and displayed by the city-dweller as "one of the sights."

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Pity 'tis that these reckless skimmers of a city's froth cannot be given that heroic treatment which alone can bring them into wholesome recognition of the real intellectual riches of life in the country. To such let us offer a recipe that will soften their sneers at the ignorance and illiteracy of the country into chastened respect. Here are the required ingredients, obtainable at this day in thousands of country homes throughout our land:

A sitting-room,—it may, perhaps, boast only the modest splendor of a rag carpet,—and a toasting fire in the big stove; a window looking out over a drifted and impassable country road, and showing a glimpse of barns and haystacks, from which thin-edged, sleetish flurries of snow are whisked and whirled; a shrieking wind that makes wild music to the popping artillery of the frost, as that prankish sprite pries the clapboards until the nails are sprung from their holdings. Then, from the opened cellar door comes the smell of apples that have ripened in the sunshine of the old orchard, and perhaps the more spicy odor of cider spurting into the frothy depths of the stoneware pitcher held below the tap.

What does it matter to the boy, stretched on the home-made rug before the glowing stove, that he knows by heart the whole list of articles rescued by poor Crusoe from the stranded ship? that he has thrilled again and again at the dear old Solitary bending over the footprints on the beach? that he has heard Jenks solemnly repeating to Arthur Bonnicastle, for the hundredth time maybe, "Some time she will call Jenks and Jenks won't come,—he'll be far away on the billow?" The singing winds and the tinkle of icy snows driving against the blurred window-pane bid the boy follow his heroes again with redoubled zest.

And the slip of a girl, with her feet curled under her skirts and her hair dangling in two long braids tied with a snip of red ribbon,—what cares she that she has wept with Dickens' Dora and shared the pathetic fortunes of That Lass o' Lowrie's more times than she has counted years? She is Winter's happy prisoner, shut in from all save the wide and wonderful world of books!

These rural readers do not stand above their books and dissect them with hypercritical incisions. The thrall of the book is upon them; they are absorbed by the life in its pages and breathe the charmed atmosphere of its scenes. Their reading is a thing of the affections, not of the intellect. It becomes a distinct association, a tangible memory to be tenderly recalled in after years along with incidents, scenes and impressions gathered in the happy pilgrimage from childhood to the period of home-leaving. A book read by the winter fireside of a farmhouse is like the simple meal of the mountaineer,—inseparable from the surroundings amid which it is devoured. However meagre, it has in it the flavor of the mountains of Inspiration; it is enriched by the savor of sentiment, the spice of picturesque association.

Let the cultured habitué of the big city clubs and libraries withhold his patronizing pity for the poor country dweller who is denied the privilege of a surfeit of books. The scanty library of the farmhouse closet shelf, devoured and assimilated in a glow of loving and almost reverential excitement, is more than hundreds of volumes intellectually tasted. —FORREST CRISSEY.

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The Lightheartedness of Americans

WE AMERICANS demand our laugh at the expense of everything new or old that we are called upon to consider; but in the end we measure conscientiously and carefully; and what at first look seems almost reckless jocundity turns out to be but a blithe temper working joyously at a serious task. It may be that our wonderful national growth owes much to mere lightheartedness maintained under the most difficult and depressing circumstances. We have whistled merrily and kept up our courage through many a dark day; not for the sake of the whistling, but because it was not in us to mope and whine.

A sense of humor purifies and freshens every mental state into which it is projected, so that under its influence one's view of adversities and perplexities borrows wholesome colors, and one's judgment harks back to reckon with the original elements of happiness. Optimism is a badge of youth, health and vigor. We as a nation have shown the world how to make a play of work; how to enjoy conquering a vast wilderness and an abounding crudeness; how to grow great with a laugh on your lips and a jest in every intonation; how to chaff at science and yet seize upon its every secret for the advancement of our purposes.

Our inclination to laugh, to amuse ourselves with crude yet telling humor, in the midst of epic changes and powerfully stimulating readjustments in the world's attitude toward us, is not necessarily of the same nature as the instinctive gambols and grotesqueries of a well-fed and healthy young animal, as some critics have thought; for, although our diplomatic methods have recently passed under the fiery test of European experience, there has been no failure in comprehensiveness, firmness and efficacy. We see the lines of caricature and travesty in everything; but behind all of our lightness the alert business faculty stands ready.

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The clear-sighted student of history sees that we are, in the main, developing as England developed, but incomparably faster. Our jocund youth is similar to what the mother country's was, but more clean and of firmer moral tone, as any reader may gather from Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson and Shakespeare, who reflected England's morning freshness. Perhaps the very rapidity of our progress, the exceeding stress of our inner and outward development, and the surprises of our practical inventions have occasionally shocked us into undue hilarity,—and at times we may guffaw in the face of august and solemn presences,—yet we can point to the record. History is doing more than merely repeating itself in our swift dash to the fore; it is adding a new meaning to Greek joyousness and Roman strength. The increment speaks for more than the addition of what may be called natural accumulation of experiences; it is racial, and has been enlarged and enriched by the forces of freedom and a true conception of civilization. From the first we have chosen to be happy, and so we are sometimes almost jovial, but we are mightily in earnest. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

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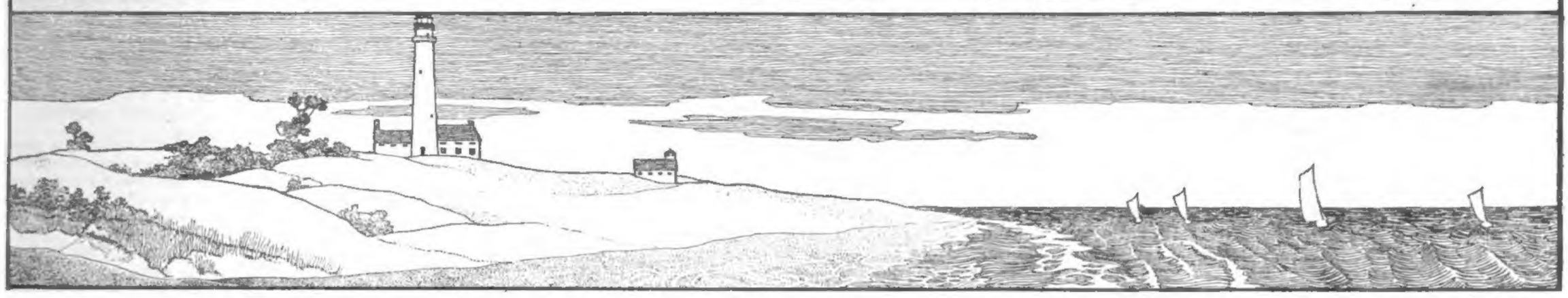
ROMANCE OF THE SEA COAST



When the Fisher-Fleet goes Out to Sea

By GEORGE GIBBS *with Pictures by the* AUTHOR

"Hih! Yih! Yoho! Send your letters raound!
All our salt is wetted, an' the anchor's off the graound!
Bend, oh, bend your mains'l, we're back to Yankee land
With fifteen hunder' quintal,
An' fifteen hunder' quintal,
'Teen hunder' toppin' quintal,
'Twix old Queereau an' Grand."
—Captains Courageous.

ALL the long winter the Polly J. had slept snugly in Gloucester Harbor, rigging unrove, and everything snug aloft that the wind could freeze or the ice could chafe. Careful eyes had watched her as she swung at her moorings, and rugged hands had gripped the familiar gear as the skipper or some of the men had made their periodical visits. But however gray and desolate she loomed, with her topmasts housed, and the black lines of ratline and stay across the brightening sky, nothing could hide the saucy cut-under of the bow and the long, free sweep of the rail.

The afternoon sun of March melted the snow on the south slopes of the fish sheds, and great gray-and-green patches came out here and there against the endless white.

A brisk breeze, with a touch of the spring, blew up from the south, and the Polly, heedless of the tide, turned her head to it, sniffing and breathing it, bobbing and jerking nervously at her anchor, impatient to be dressed in her cloud of canvas, and away where the wind blows free and the curl dashes high under the forefoot.

When the Snow Melts

Ashore in Gloucester town there are signs a-plenty of the work to come. The sleepy village throws off her white mantle, and rises from the lethargy of the winter past. The spring is in the air, and the docks and wharves, white and ice-trussed during the long, bleak winter, are trod by groups of men, rubber-coated and "sou'westered," moving briskly from one shed to another.

In the town, they gather like the stray birds of spring that flutter under the eaves of the storehouses. By twos and threes they appear. On street corners they meet, pipe-smoking, reminiscent, gloomily hopeful for the future, and grateful that they've helped themselves over "March hill" without a loan from owner or buyer. And as they lounge from post-office to store, from store to shed, and back again, their talk is of dealings with owners and skippers, of vessels and luck.

For luck is their fortune. It means larger profits by shares, new dresses for the wife and little ones, and perhaps an easy time of it in the winter to follow. It means that there will be no long, hard winter of it at the haddock fisheries at "George's," where trawls are to be set in weather which makes frozen hands and feet, and perhaps a grave in an icy sea, where thousands have gone before.

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The skipper of the Polly, even before he gets his men, has broken out his gear and reckoned up his necessities for the run up to the Banks. If he ships the same crew he had the year before they work in well together. The Polly's topmasts are run up with a hearty will and a rush. There is a cheerful clatter of block and tackle, and the joyous "Yeo-ho" echoes from one schooner to another as sail and rigging are fitted and run into place.

The snow yet lingers in little patches on the moors when some of the vessels warp down to an anchorage. Dories are broken from their nests and skim lightly across the harbor, now alive with a fleet in miniature. Jests and greetings fill the air, as old shipmates and dory mates meet again,—Gloucester men some of them, but more often Swedes, Portuguese and men from the South.

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For to-day the fleet is not owned in the villages, and Gloucester, once the centre of the fishing aristocracy, the capital of the nation of the Banks, is now but a trading and meeting place for half the sea people who come from the North and East.

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The skipper of the Polly J., himself perhaps the scion of three generations of fishing captains, may wag his head regretfully for fishers can not be choosers; but he knows that his fishing has to be done, and, after all, a "Portygee" is as good a sailorman and dory mate as another,—better sometimes,—if he keeps sober.

So long as the ship-owner makes his credit good at the store for the people at home, the fisherman takes life as joyfully as a man may who looks at death with every turn of the glass. If he takes his pleasures seriously, it is because he lives face to face with his Maker. Nature, in the awful moods he knows her, makes trivial the little ills that flesh is heir to.

So when the crews are aboard, and the stores and salt are being hoisted in, there is a hurry to be among the first away. Chains and windlasses creak and clang, nimble feet fly aloft, hoarse voices ring across the rippling water, and many a cheerful song echoes from ship to shore and back again.

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Willing hands, strangers for months to hemp and tar, lay on to the tackle, as spar and boom are run into place. The fish bins below are cleaned and scrubbed to the very quick. Bright work, if there be any, is polished, and sail patching and dory painting and caulking are the order of the day and most of the night. The black cook below in the mysterious blackness of the galley, potters with saucepan and kettle, and, when the provisions are aboard, serves the first meal. There is coffee, steaming hot in the early hours of the morning, and biscuit and meat,—plenty of it. There is not much variety, but with the work to be done above and below decks, a full-blooded appetite leaves no chance for grumbling.

At last the bag and baggage of the crew are tossed aboard,—packs of tobacco innumerable, new rubber clothes all yellow and shiny in the morning dampness, boots and woolens to keep out the cold of spring on the Bank Sea,—all bought on credit at the store, to be charged against "settling day."

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Waving Godspeed to the Fisher-Folk

It is morning, just before the dawn. The Polly J., her new paint all silver in the early light, rides proudly at her anchor in the centre of the tideway. The nip of winter lingers in the air, but the snow is gone, and the rigging is no longer stiff to the touch.

It is just daylight when the last dory is hoisted aboard into its nest. Three or four figures on the wharves, outlined against the purple sky and hills, stand waving Godspeed to their fisher-folk. Women's voices ring out between the creakings of the blocks, "Good luck! Good luck! Polly J.; wet your salt first, Polly J." It is the well-wishing from the hearts of women, who go back to weep in silence. Which one of them is to make her sacrifice to the god of winds and storms?

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There is a cheerful answer from the Polly, drowned in the flapping of the sails and creaking of the windlass. The anchor, rusty and weed-hung, is broken out and comes to the surface with a rush, while sheets are hauled aft, and, catching the morning breeze, the head of the schooner pays off toward Norman's Woe, the water rippling merrily along her sides.

The figures on the wharves are mere gray patches in the mass of town and hill. The big sails, looming dark in the gray mists of the morning, round out to the freshening wind, and push the light fabric through the opal waves with ever-increasing speed. By the time the first rays of the rising sun have gilded the quivering gaff of the main Eastern Point is left far astern, and the nose of the vessel ploughs boldly out to sea, rising, with her empty bins, light as a feather to the big, heavy swell that comes rolling in, to break in a steady roar on the brown rocks to leeward.

There is man's work and plenty of it during those sailing days past "George's," Sable Island and the St. Lawrence. The provisions and salt are to be stowed and restowed, ballast is to be shifted, sails to be made stronger and more strong, fish bins to be prepared, old dories to be made seaworthy, rigging to be tautened, and reels and lines to be cleared and hooked. Buoy lines and dory-roding are to be spliced, and miscellaneous carpenter work takes up the time about the decks. For a skipper unprepared

MORE THAN ONE FACE IS WHITE WITH THE NEARNESS TO CALAMITY

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to take advantage of all that luck may throw in his way, does an injustice to his owner and his crew. But busy as the time is, the skipper has his weather eye open for the "signs." The feel of the air, the look and color of the cold, gray Bank Sea, tell him in so many words how and where the fish will be running. At last a hand takes the heavy sea lead and moves forward where the line may run free. Deliberately, the line is coiled in great turns around the left hand, and then, like a big pendulum, the weight begins to swing with the strong right arm.

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In the Excitement of the First Catch

There is a swirl of the line as the lead goes all the way over, a splash forward, and, as the skipper luffs her up into it, the line comes upright, and gets a depth of thirty fathoms. As she comes up into the wind, the noisy jib flaps down with a run, and the anchor drops to the sandy bottom. Now the buckets of bait are tossed up from below, and the skipper leaves his helm to take to the lines. Over the sides and stern they go, dragging down to leeward.

There is quiet for a moment, and then a line runs out. There is a tug as the strong arm checks it and hauls it in quickly, hand over hand. There is a gleam of light, a swish at the surface, and the fish flies over the rail, flopping helplessly on to the deck, the first catch of the season,—a big one.

Another tug and another, and soon the work is fast and furious. It takes honest elbow muscle, too, to haul ten pounds of floundering cod up five feet of freeboard to the rail and deck. Soon the deck is covered with the long, slim, gleaming bodies, and the boys of the schooner have man's work in tossing them into the gurry pen amidships. Before the pen is filled, the fishes stop biting as suddenly as they struck on, and there is a rest for a while to bait-up and clean down.

If the signs hold good the skipper will order the men out to set trawls, for the smell of the dead fish sometimes drives the school away.

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Handling the Trawls

The "trawls" are only an elaboration of the hand lines. They are single lines several hundred feet in length, with short lines and bated hooks at intervals. They are taken out by members of the crew in their dories, buoyed and anchored. It is the work of tending these trawls that takes the greatest skill and fearlessness. It is in the work of hauling and baiting the lines in all weathers that the greatest losses of life occur. There is no room on the decks of the schooners for heavy boats, and, as many such crafts are needed, five or six are piled together amidships. A block and purchase from aloft are their hoisting tackle.

They are handy boats, though light, and two men and a load of fish can weather the rough seas, if your fisherman is an adept with his oars. But they are mere cockle-shells at the best, and are tossed like feathers. The "codders" are reckless fellows, and they will put out to the trawls day after day in any kind of weather, fog or clear, wind or calm, with not even a breaker of water or a piece of pilot-bread.

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A Lonely Night on the Broad Atlantic

A night alone on the broad Atlantic in an open dory seems to have no terrors for them. Each year adds its list of casualties to those that have gone before. Fogs have shut in, seas have risen, and morning has dawned again and again with no sign of the missing men. Sometimes an upturned dory is found with her name,—the Molly S., or the Betty T., in honor of the owner's shore mate,—on her pointed bow, but only the gray ocean can tell the story of the missing men.

When the Polly's day's luck is run all hands take stations for dressing down. It is the dirty part of the business, but so quickly is it done that the crew seem parts of a mechanism, moving like clockwork. Two men stand at the gurry pen, their long knives gleaming red in the sunset. The fish is slit from throat to tail with one cut, and again on both sides of the neck. It then passes to the next man, who, with a scoop of his hand, drops the cod's liver in a basket, and sends the head and offal flying. The fish slides across the dressing-table, where the backbone is torn out by the third man, who throws it, finally headless, cleaned and open, into the washing-tub.

The moment the tub is filled the fish are pitched down the open hatch to the fifth man, who packs them with salt snugly in the bins. So quickly is the work done that the fish seem to travel from one hand to another as though they were alive, and a large gurry pen is emptied and the bin packed and salted in less than an hour.

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When the Day's Work is Done

The head of the black cook appears above the hatch combing, and his mouth opens wide as he gives the welcome supper-call. Down the ladder into the cuddy they tumble, one and all, and lay to with an appetite and vigor which speaks of good digestive organs. Conversation is omitted. Coffee, pork and beans, biscuit,—nectar and ambrosia,—vanish from the tin dishes, until the cook comes in with the sixth pot of steaming coffee.

At last, when the cook vows the day's allowance is eaten, and the last drop of coffee is poured, the benches are pushed back, tobacco and pipes are produced from the sacred recesses of the bunks, and six men are puffing out the blue smoke as though their lives depended on it.

The schooner rolls to the long ground-swell, her lamp-bracket swinging through a great arc, and casting long, black shadows, monstrous presentments of the smokers, which move rapidly from side to side over the misty beams and bulkheads like gnomes. A concertina, a mouth organ, and perhaps a fiddle are brought out, and a sea song, an Irish jig, or something in unspeakable Portuguese, rises above the creaking of the timbers and the burst of foam alongside.

But the work is not done yet. It is never done. The ship is to be cleaned down, and the gurry pen and dory are to be sluiced out in readiness for the morrow. A vigil is to be kept, watch and watch, and woe be to the youngster who tumbles off his hatchway to the deck from sheer weariness.

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When a Steamer Looms Up in the Fog

If there should be a fog,—and hardly a day or a night passes without one,—the danger is great. When the white veil settles down over the schooners the men on deck can hardly see their cross-trees. Foot-power horns are blown, the ship's bell is tolled steadily, while conch shells bellow their resonant note from the trawlers in the dories. But it is all to no purpose. For the great siren comes nearer and nearer every second, and the pounding of the waves against the great hulk, and the rush of resisting water, grows horribly distinct.

There is a hazy glimmer of a row of lights, a roar and a splutter of steam, a shock and the thrust of the great volume of water, a shout or two from the towering decks and bridge, and the great body dashes by disdainfully, speed undiminished, her passengers careless, and unmindful that the lives and fortunes of half a dozen human beings have hung for a moment in the balance of Life and Death. But records have to be made, and the gold-laced officers forget to mention the occurrence. The men on the schooner don't forget it, though. More than one face is white with the nearness to calamity.

"What was she, Jim?"

"The Frederick; I'd know her bloomin' bellow in a thousand."

They lean out over the rail and peer into the gray blackness, shaking their fists at the place where she vanished in the fog.

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The man who gets his name in the newspaper, and a medal from his Government, is not the only hero. And the modesty with which the Gloucester fisherman hides his sterling merit is only convincing proof of the fact—Gloucester is a city of heroes.

For grit and devotion the case of Howard Blackburn surpasses understanding.

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The Courage of the Unnamed Heroes

Blackburn and his dory mate left their schooner in a driving snowstorm. Before they had been at the trawls long the weather had become so thick that they couldn't see ten feet from the dory's gunwale. The wind shifted and put them to leeward of their vessel. There was never a sound of bell or horn through the thickness, and, though they pulled to windward, where they thought their skipper lay, the vessel could not be found. They were lost, and the sea was rising. Then they anchored until dawn.

When the snow stopped falling they saw the schooner's light, a tiny speck, miles to windward. To reach it was impossible. The situation was desperate. Wave crest after wave crest swept into the dory, and all but swamped her. Time after time she was baled out, until it seemed as if human endurance could stand it no longer. Blackburn made a sea anchor for a drag, but throwing it out lost his mittens overboard. It was horrible enough to fear drowning in the icy sea, but as he felt his hands beginning to freeze the effort seemed hopeless.

With hands frozen, Blackburn felt that he was useless, for his dory mate was already almost helpless with exposure. So he sat down to his oars and bent his freezing fingers over the handles, getting as firm a clutch as he could. There he sat patiently, calmly, keeping the dory up to the seas meanwhile,—waiting for his hands to freeze to the oars. The dory became covered with ice, and pieces of it knocked against the frozen hands, and beat off a little finger, and a part of one of the palms. During the second day Blackburn's dory mate gave it up, and Blackburn laid down beside him to try and warm him. But it was useless. The dory man froze to death where he lay.

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For Five Days Adrift and Starving

When Blackburn felt the drowsiness coming over him he stood up and baled as the boat filled. The third day dawned without a ray of hope, and not a morsel to eat or a drop to drink, so he stuck the oar through his wounded fingers and rowed again.

The fourth day he saw land. He did not reach it until the afternoon of the fifth day, when he landed at a deserted fish wharf. No one could be found, and he was too weak to move farther. So he lay down, more dead than alive, and tried in vain to sleep, munching snow to quench his thirst.

The next day he went out in the dory to try to find some signs of life, and in about three hours, the last remnant of his strength being gone, he saw smoke and the roofs of some houses, and he knew that he was saved. Even when he reached the shore in a pitiable condition, he would not go into the house until they promised him to get the body of his dory mate.

This heroic man lost his hands and the most of his toes, but he reached Gloucester alive. The story of his grit and devotion to his dory mate are to-day told to the young fishermen of the fleet, and the men of the Banks will sing his praises until Time shall have wiped out all things which remain unrecorded.

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Where the Cod Abound

On some of the schooners, by the middle of the season, most of the salt is "wet." It is then that the Polly J. follows the fleet up to the "Virgin."

This is a rocky ledge, many miles out in the desolate Bank seas, which rises to within a few feet of the surface of the ocean. Here the cod and camplin abound, and here, when it is time for them to run, most of the schooners come to anchor, sending out their little fleets until perhaps two thousand dories and schooners are afloat at the same time, within a distance of two or three miles of one another. When the schools of camplin come to the surface and begin to jump, the dories all close in on them, for the fishermen know that the cod are after them. Almost as quickly as the lines can be baited and cast overboard the fish strike on, and the work is steady and hard until the dories, loaded down almost to the gunwales, have made several trips of it, and the salt in the bins shows a prospect of being "all wet" before the week is out.

A TASK THAT TAKES THE GREATEST SKILL AND FEARLESSNESS

The few days toward the end of the season at the "Old Virgin" are a race between the ships at catching and dressing down. The rival crews work from dawn until dark.

At last the big mainsail of the victor,—perhaps the Polly J.,—is hauled out, the chain is hove in short, and the dories from less fortunate schooners crowd alongside with good wishes, and letters for the folks at home. Anchor up, the flag is hoisted,—the right of the first boat off the Banks,—and the proud schooner, low lying in the water with her fifteen hundred quintal, bows gracefully to each vessel of the fleet at anchor as she passes them, homeward bound.

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When the Schooners Move Up the Harbor

Homeward bound!—there is magic in the word. Though the first vessel to head to the southward is proud among the fleet, she has a burden of responsibility upon her, for she carries every year news of death and calamity that will break the hearts of many down in Gloucester, and the flag she flaunts so gayly must come to half-mast before she sights the hazy blue of Eastern Point.

During those long summer months a lonely wife goes about her household duties down in Gloucester town. There is a weight upon her heart, and, until the fleet comes in, and she sees the familiar face at the front gate, happiness is not for her. Day after day she listens for his footsteps, and after supper, when the season draws to a close, she walks down to where she can look far out to sea.

Then a schooner, heavy laden, appears around the Point. She comes around and moves up the harbor slowly,—oh, so slowly. The flag the wife has seen is half-masted, and she knows that some woman's heart is to break. Will it be hers?

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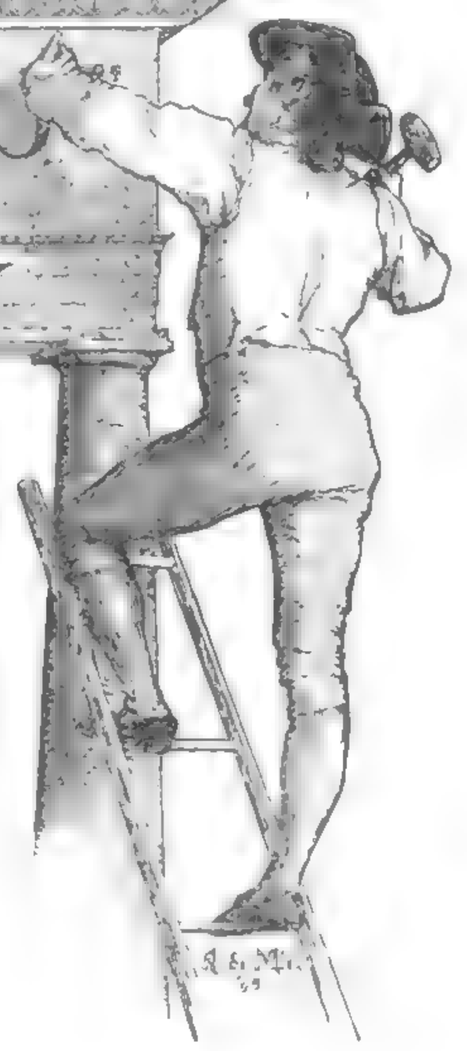
"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

That are Making HISTORY



The Philippines America's Only Source of Uneasiness

The publication of the text of the Treaty of Peace did not anywhere excite unusual comment, as its main provisions had already been discounted by fragmentary reports from Paris during the sessions of the Commissioners

Matters are now moving with unexpected smoothness in Cuba and Porto Rico, and there isn't much on or about the Island of Guam to give any one special concern.

In the Philippines lie the only apparent sources of anxiety. Aguinaldo and his followers have been practically unmolested by the Americans since the victory in Manila Bay, for reasons already given in the POST.

The treaty fixed definitely the relations of the insurgents to the United States, and, as they choose, they have become associated in the work of regeneration, or, in opposition, enemies at war. Aguinaldo has proclaimed a denunciation of the cession clause of the treaty, and protested against "the intrusion of the Americans in the Philippines."

A trial of strength is inevitable, either by moral or forceful means, for, whatever course the United States may take in the future, its immediate authority must be made plain. The dispatch of additional ships and troops to the American commanders there is an evidence that the Government intends to be prepared for any emergency.

Giving Germany a Taste of Its Own Tariff Medicine

The Agricultural Appropriation Bill is ordinarily a tame, statistical document, bearing only good wishes for everybody. This year it is almost a war pronunciamento. The aggressive part is the authority given to the Secretary of the Agricultural Department to institute a rigid examination of various French and German commodities, which are being annually exported to the United States, before they are allowed to pass our custom house

Officially, the reason for this innovation is the desire to protect our citizens against the effects of articles that may not be exactly pure and wholesome. Practically, the object is to put an end to the heavy and unwarranted burdens that France and Germany have been placing on their American importations for several months.

The insertion of the retaliation clause bore immediate fruit in Germany, where recent direct and threatened action against the importation of American produce was more provoking than in France.

Under the direct inspiration of the Government, and with the approval of the Ministry, a meat measure has been introduced in the Reichstag, which the Agrarians are bound to oppose because it is likely to increase American importations.

Other events, immediately following the action of Congress, show that Germany has correctly interpreted the "handwriting on the wall," and is coming to appreciate us much better than ever before.

A Novel Scheme to Prevent Mistrials by Jury

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature intended to prevent mistrials through the sickness of a juryman that at least possesses the element of novelty. It proposes to amend the Code of Criminal Procedure by providing that when a trial jury is formed in cases where the crime is punishable with death, or in any case which in the judgment of the Court is deemed extraordinary, the number of trial jurors drawn shall be thirteen instead of twelve.

The trial shall proceed in the usual manner in the presence of the thirteen jurors, but the thirteenth shall take no part in the deliberation or determination of the jury unless one of the twelve becomes physically incapacitated for further service, when he may be retired and the thirteenth man put on duty in his place. Next in order is a plan whereby our courts can be relieved of the incubus of "the obstinate juror."

Congress Again Compelled to Handle the Question of Polygamy

Congress is again face to face with a fight against Mormonism, notwithstanding the question was supposed to have been settled for all time. The present problem has a number of peculiar elements which require special attention.

In the last election, Brigham H. Roberts, one of the Democratic candidates, won a seat in Congress. His majority is not questioned, nor has opposition to him been expressed in any way because of his political faith.

It is the fact that he is an avowed believer in the doctrines of the Mormon Church, and a practitioner of customs that have been prohibited by Congress as well as the new State Constitution of Utah, that has brought about the present issue.

The powerful womanhood of the country has been aroused in protest against his being admitted to Congress. The Protestant Church in various sections has taken up the protest, and eminent citizens everywhere have added their denunciation of the attempt to violate the solemn compacts between Congress and the Mormons of Utah.

Mr Roberts claims that he is living under the sanction of laws higher than those of his State, or of the United States, which, aside from all other considerations, should be a bar against his admission to Congress, because under that belief he should never have become a candidate for public office.

The Plan to Restock the Desolated Fields of Cuba

The POST is a staunch believer in the aphorism, "The Lord helps those who help themselves," and for this reason has heartily commended the efforts of our military authorities in Cuba to promote the regeneration of the island on the principle of self-help.

The duties of these officers are daily becoming more complex and burdensome, and there is danger lest many small matters of fruitful importance be sacrificed or slighted by the pressure of greater ones.

In this emergency the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund has most opportunely come to the front to undertake a beneficent work in conjunction with the military commanders, that might otherwise be long in developing.

The promoters of this fund propose to help the people to help themselves in the most immediate of pressing needs by supplying implements, seeds, cattle, and a variety of industrial necessaries which are out of the province of the Government to furnish.

With the fields again blossoming as a result of peaceful and contented labor, much of the present uncertainty, discontent and other obstructive conditions will vanish, and an era of unwonted prosperity will open.

Dowager Empress of China Institutes Reforms in Her Realm

Time's whirligig has just shown a change in the plans for the internal government of China that would be deemed erratic in any other country. Only a few months ago the young Emperor was forced to abdicate his authority, and his chief advisers were either killed or banished, because he had dared to issue edicts for a reform, progressive administration.

All his long-studied plans for Westernizing his Empire and giving it the prestige of British cooperation were swept away with one stroke of the Dowager Empress' writing-brush. Now, the same authority, in a strangely worded edict, commands the institution of reforms, and gives Viceroys and Governors less than a month in which to report that the reforms have been started.

The Dowager Empress and her advisers realize that, at last, the Empire is passing through a most severe crisis, and that its only hope in the future lies in the prompt reform of all governmental methods. With Li Hung Chang out of the way, this last move certainly suggests a British incentive.

Building Up a State in the Indian Territory

The Indian Territory is unique among the political divisions of the United States in that it has no organized Government as other Territories, but is a confederation of five nations or tribes, each largely independent of a superior authority, and with its own rulers and systems of administration.

It has been deemed desirable for several years that the Territory should be placed in the line of advancement from its present incongruous condition to that of a State through the intermediate stage of a fully organized Territory with executive, judicial and legislative authorities over its domain.

Since 1893, when the Dawes Commission was first appointed, a course of preparation to this end has been pursued by Congress, necessarily with much caution because of the natural suspicions and the peculiar treaty rights of the Indians.

The first important step was the authority given the Dawes Commission to negotiate an extinction of the national or tribal title to any lands held by the nations by cession, allotment or division. The enactment by Congress last summer of the Curtis Act carried the progressive movement considerably further

It, among other things, extended and enlarged the jurisdiction of the United States courts, abolished all tribal courts, provided for a census of the legal citizens of the nations, authorized the incorporation of cities and towns, and virtually placed the whole territory under the same general laws which govern the State of Arkansas.

Is the Strength of American Churches Waning?

Those good people,—and there are many of them,—who have a fear that the pulpit has lost its power, and that conscientious church-going is fast slipping from the duties of old and young alike, will doubtless find much comfort in a statement showing that facts are against their fears.

On June 30, 1890, the entire number of communicants or full members of all churches in the United States was 20,612,806. On January 1, 1899, a summary of the various denominational reports showed a total similar membership of 27,714,523, an increase of over 7,000,000 in eight and a half years, and of more than 850,000 in the last year.

This increase was shared by all the denominational families, and by all the smaller bodies excepting two, and the combined losses in these two were only about 700. Eleven denominations had a net increase of more than 20,000 each in 1898 alone.

Carrying Out Waring's Plan to Free Havana from Yellow Fever

The public have read with saddened interest the report of the lamented Colonel Waring on the sanitary conditions of Havana, which was completed a few days before his death. The report furnishes additional evidence of the loss the country sustained in the death of this eminent sanitarian.

It is in the economic phase of the report that the highest immediate interest will be found. It has been estimated that single epidemics of yellow fever introduced into the United States from Havana have cost in the Mississippi Valley alone $100,000,000 loss, aside from the loss of life.

The improvements suggested by Colonel Waring as absolutely essential to make Havana a healthful city would cost a sum not exceeding $10,000,000, and they would reduce the normal death rate from about fifty per 1000 to about twenty. To save the city and near by parts of the United States from a scourge next summer, all preventive work should be executed before June 1.

Boston's New Railway Station the Largest Depot in the World

Boston has just distinguished itself for the second time by opening to traffic the largest railroad station in the world. The work was begun in July, 1897, and has cost about $14,000,000. To gain the space more than 200 buildings, some of them handsome business structures, were torn down.

The main building, shed and yards immediately connected cover thirty-five acres of land, and the roof of the shed alone covers fourteen and a half acres. The platforms will accommodate 100,000 persons at one time without crowding, and 28,000 persons can take seats at one time in the cars in the train shed.

In the main building are fifteen miles of tracks and thirty miles of rails, and in the train shed 404 ordinary passenger cars can be placed at one time. The station has 344 clearing and 354 fouling switches, and thirty-two full-size express trains can receive or discharge passengers at the same time.

This monster station is the first one in the world to provide for suburban surface motive power, such as electricity or compressed air, and this provision caused the most difficult work in laying out the great train shed. On the front of the station are a granite eagle carved from a twenty-ton stone, and a clock with a dial fourteen feet in diameter

The Passing of a Noted Industrial Settlement

Under a Supreme Court decision, that interesting part of the Thirty-fourth Ward of Chicago, known as the town of Pullman, will lose its identity as an independent settlement and become a part of the city.

The town was founded in 1880 by the late George M. Pullman, who designed to make it an industrial settlement in the interest of the Pullman Palace Car Company and its allied manufacturing concerns, somewhat after the plan of Essen in Prussia and Creuzot in France.

The car company bought the ground, erected great manufacturing plants, put up churches, schools, public library, market, and about 2000 brick houses for its employees, and created a model town of 12,000 or 15,000 inhabitants, all dependent in some way on the car company.

Pullman soon became widely noted as the first industrial settlement in the world and the most perfect sanitary town in the country It was a prime object lesson in the study of sociology. Capital and labor were here united, though in a manner that was both highly commended and severely criticised.

Now the court decides that the car company has no right to do aught but manufacture cars, and the directors have agreed to annex the town to Chicago.

Hastening the Coming of the "Era of Good Feeling"

It is a significant fact that almost from the day the Populist Senator from North Carolina announced his intention of introducing an amendment to the Pension Appropriation Bill, to give pensions to both Federal and Confederate survivors of the Civil War, his motive has been condemned in the South generally.

Day after day has brought to members of Congress strong protests against the proposition from the most influential camps of ex-Confederates, in all cases the refrain being that the Southern survivors of the war do not need and would not receive pensions from the Federal Government.

It is well known that the Southern States are now doing all they can to relieve suffering among the citizens of their respective States who survived service in the Confederate Army or Navy, and the widows and children of those who perished.

Senator Butler,—who, by-the-way, was not born till the war was half over,—proposed a dangerous measure at the worst possible time, and its repudiation by men who actually fought shows that they understand some things better than he.

A Record-Breaking Railroad Competition

Government prizes in the form of rich contracts for transporting mail matter across the continent have been made the incentive for competition by fast railroad trains that in their preliminary runs developed some extraordinary results.

One train made the distance between New York and San Francisco in ninety-seven hours and fifty-five minutes, an average speed of thirty-seven miles an hour, including the time of transfers and stoppages

Another train speeded from New York to Portland, Oregon, in ninety-five hours and fifty-five minutes, including transfers and stops, and reduced the former schedule of time by fifteen hours

The New York and San Francisco train already had the reputation of being the fastest long-distance regular train in the world.

In the West, a train designed to be a link in the Oriental mail service, which is expected to reduce the time across the continent by thirteen hours, made the 502 miles between Omaha and Chicago in ten hours and twenty-five minutes, an average speed of over forty-six miles an hour, including stops.

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Zola Seeking New Material

Zola, it has just been discovered, has been hiding himself in England, dividing his time between a rural retreat and London, and collecting material there for another book. He ineffectually attempts an incognito as Dr. Pascal, but there is no probability that England, out of courtesy to France, will turn the famous writer over to the French Government. Probably he is utilizing every spare moment and making a study of the lower classes of London especially, and it is said that to get the true atmosphere he is spending much time in the slums.

But in spite of the fact that he writes about the lowest stratum of society, Zola lives when at home in a perfect treasure-house of wonders. His apartments in the Rue de Bruxelles, in Paris, are filled with rich embroideries, curious pieces of carving, tapestries, cunningly wrought ironwork, statuary, bronzes, and all manner of curiosities

ZOLA

He boasts that while some of these are ugly, and the impression is given that he is a man gratifying a costly taste, nothing he owns is very rare or costly.

From his surroundings it is generally accepted that Zola is a millionaire many times over. This, the author claims, is much more a bit of fiction than anything he writes. He says that the royalty on his books, together with that on translations, yields him from $10,000 to $15,000 a year.

This amount is certainly a good one for a literary worker, but Zola is indeed a worker. The secret of his success is that he makes a perfect study of the art of interesting what he terms the "large masses" of the people—the common folk, and those of simple tastes.

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Richard Harding Davis' Lesson from Dana

Some years ago, when Richard Harding Davis was connected with the New York Sun in the capacity of reporter, he asked Charles A. Dana for a definition of the word "news." The veteran editor sat back and smiled.

"I will give you an illustration rather than a definition," said he. "Now, young man, while you are on the street you may see a dog bite a man. That would not be news, as it is a very common occurrence; but,"—and the journalist paused, in order that his following remark would be the more effective,—"should you see *a man biting a dog*, write it up instantly. *That* would be uncommon; it would be novel; it would be 'news.'"

•

President McKinley as a Jockey

It is difficult to imagine that the dignified President of the United States, William McKinley, ever rode a race horse, but one who saw him do it tells this story:

"I have known William McKinley since he was a youngster. And he won a horse race for me at Youngstown, Ohio, when he was a mere strip of a lad of fourteen. At that time I was dealing in fast horses, and I had a promising little runner entered at the Youngstown Fair. I offered young McKinley one dollar to ride my horse and promised to give him five dollars more if he could ride him to win.

"The boy was willing enough, but before he would consent he went to secure his father's permission. His father said the boy could do as he pleased, and he decided to try it.

Well, the long and short of it was, that McKinley won the race, and his luck seems to have stayed with him, for, so far as I can see, he has won every race he ever entered."

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The Son of Senator Fair

Charles L. Fair, son of the late Senator James G. Fair, of California, is a progressive young man who is destined to make his mark in the business and financial world. He has displayed keen judgment in managing many important matters relative to the Fair estate, and he is carrying out to the letter every plan laid out by his father.

For some time past Mr. Fair has been experimenting along a somewhat novel line. He has conceived the idea that illuminating gas may be made out of garbage. He has built a plant, and all tests so far made have proved satisfactory. If the enterprise should fulfill all promises, it will mark another step in modern advancement, and will open another avenue of usefulness for waste product.

Young Fair, although a millionaire, is not reckless in spending. He is a careful, calculating man of business.

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Bishop Potter as Labor Arbitrator

In his appreciation of the many high distinctions conferred on him, Bishop Henry C. Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, places among the most gratifying the acceptance of his decisions in labor controversies.

Few clergymen are as well informed on the relations of labor to capital as he, and few have obtained as intimate a knowledge of the real conditions of the laboring poor. When he gave up a European tour and passed his vacation living and working in the slums and tenements of the old Tenth Ward of New York City, he saw more of the wretchedness of human life than most people ever do.

Since that memorable vacation he has labored incessantly to better the condition of the poor and the humble working people. To the wealthy, he has steadily preached a gospel of brotherhood and conciliation:

"I do not see why poverty should cringe to wealth, which is as often as otherwise an accidental distinction, and quite as often a condition unadorned by any special moral or intellectual excellence. What the laborer wants from his employer is fair and fraternal dealing, not almsgiving, and a recognition of his manhood rather than a condescension to his inferiority."

BISHOP POTTER

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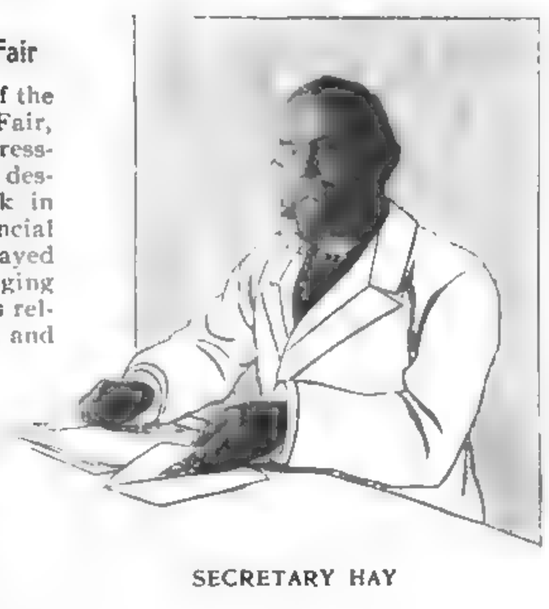
Secretary Hay's Early Struggles

Secretary of State Hay is a man preëminently fitted for the high position which he holds. He is a man of broad culture, of refined literary tastes and of dignified bearing. Not only did he step from the highest diplomatic position into a place in the Cabinet, but his experience and his acquaintance with the management of a nation goes back thirty-odd years, when for four years he was most intimately associated with President Lincoln.

Hay was a daily and nightly witness of the stirring incidents and the almost overwhelming anxieties through which Lincoln passed. As Lincoln's secretary, he came to know the man through and through, and upon Hay's young mind,—for he was then but twenty-five years old,—was impressed indelibly the qualities which go to make up great statesmanship, calm courage in a nation's crisis and masterful leadership.



SECRETARY HAY

When at the age of twenty-one he graduated from Brown University he was introduced by his uncle into Lincoln's law office at Springfield, Illinois. Somehow a close friendship sprung up between Hay and Lincoln, despite the difference in their ages. The polished graduate of an Eastern college and the pioneer became fast friends, and when the nation placed Lincoln in the Presidential chair it was but natural that he should take Hay to Washington with him.

Mr. Hay lived at the White House as a member of the President's family all through the war and until his friend and benefactor was assassinated. He was practically a son to the President, who learned to lean with the utmost confidence on his Secretary. When at the White House, Hay made some friendships which stood him in excellent stead after Lincoln's death. He was appointed Secretary of Legation in one country after another. Then he came home and entered journalism. President Hayes appointed him Assistant Secretary of State, then came the Ambassadorship to England, and finally Mr. Hay was named as Secretary of State under President McKinley.

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Whitelaw Reid's Many Successes

No man in recent years has been more prominent in our journalistic, political and diplomatic life than Whitelaw Reid. He has represented the United States as Minister to France; he has been nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket; he is Horace Greeley's successor as head of a great metropolitan daily; he was chosen to represent the United States at Queen Victoria's jubilee, and finally appointed one of the Commissioners to adjust our little misunderstanding with Spain.

WHITELAW REID

Fortune seems to have adopted Whitelaw Reid as a son. He was born in Xenia, Ohio, sixty-two years ago, and was educated at Miami University, which graduated Benjamin Harrison, with whom Reid was destined to stand as the candidates of the Republican party for the highest positions in the land.

Journalism had a peculiar attraction for him, and while a student he displayed his abilities in the columns of the Xenia News. When the Civil War broke out he was sent to the front as a war correspondent. Later he went to New York as an editorial writer on the Tribune. At that time, the late John Russell Young was managing editor, but in 1869 he left, and Mr. Reid succeeded him. After the death of Greeley, Reid became editor-in-chief.

Mr. Reid is an eminently practical man, a man of ideas and of infinite tact. He rarely "loses his head," and is most methodical. He avoids snap judgments and wants to hear both sides of any argument.

MINIATURE PORTRAITS

Ruskin's Kiss.—When Ruskin was at Rome a beggar on the steps of the Pincio begged of him every day as he passed, and always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar suddenly caught the outstretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, and then, with a sudden impulse, kissed the beggar's cheek.

Gilbert's Real Pinafore.—In his residence at Harrow Weald, England, Gilbert, the librettist, has a valuable collection of curiosities. Among other treasures is a perfect model of a man-of-war of the beginning of the century, about fifteen feet long. From this model the scene in H. M. S. Pinafore was designed.

Curzon's Wretched Handwriting.—An amusing story is told about the illegibility of the handwriting of Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, when a student at Oxford. He had written two letters, one to a relative, the other to a chum with whom he usually discussed the faults and merits of their respective uncles and aunts. He discovered shortly afterward that he had put these letters into the wrong envelopes, and was about to write an apology to his relative when he received this note from him, inclosing a liberal sum:

"My Dear George: Can't read a word of your four pages, but guess you want some money, you young rascal."

China's Empress Gives a Tea.—Some time ago, when the Dowager Empress of China deposed her son and assumed power in his stead, it was reported that she was incensed because he had worn a suit of clothes of European cut. However that may be, the haughty ruler of the Mongolian millions has herself succumbed to the fascination of social law in Europe and America and recently presided at a pink tea in the Palace at Peking. She received her guests graciously and cordially, and altogether the affair was decidedly Western in tone.

Senator Frye as a Linguist.—Senator Frye, of Maine, says that while in Paris he needed a haircut, so he studied the necessary portion of his French Conversation Book, and did his best to make the barber understand.

"I don't understand Dutch," said that person. "Do you speak English?"

Alabama's Small Representative.—Congressman John L. Burnett, of Alabama, is probably the smallest man in the House. He is an able lawyer, and is known in his own State as the "Jack of Spades." When he first appeared before the Supreme Court of Alabama to argue a case he stood up behind a high bench on which lawyers were accustomed to lay their books and papers.

"May it please the Court," began the diminutive counsel, when the Chief Justice broke in: "Mr. Burnett, it is the custom of lawyers to rise while addressing this Court."

Conan Doyle's First Visit to the Play.—When Dr. Conan Doyle was about four years old a great big man took him to see a melodrama. The little fellow was thoroughly scared, but the big man clapped him on the back, and told him that it was all make believe. The big, cheery man was William Makepeace Thackeray, the friend for so many years of Doctor Doyle's uncle, the famous Punch artist, Dicky Doyle.

Zangwill's Apt Reply.—A Western woman who had heard Zangwill deliver a lecture insisted on speaking to the lecturer. She plied him with questions about his family, about himself, and about his opinions.

"What is your Christian name, Mr. Zangwill?" the inquisitive member finally asked.

"I have no Christian name," was the cool reply. "My given name is Israel."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Allow me to take exception to the editorial, In the Twilight of Poetry. I do not believe that "the taste for poetry is becoming a lost accomplishment." The trouble is we have no first-class poetry to read,—no new poetry, I mean. Outside of Kipling the verse we have served up now is trash. The public is not at fault. You tacitly admit this in your excellent department of the World's Best Poems. If there were no wide demand for this class of reading you surely would not devote so much valuable space to it. Come, now, admit that the fault lies not in the reading public, but in the lamentable lack of poets.

F. X. SMYTHE.

Camden, New Jersey.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I feel compelled to write and thank you for that editorial on The Crimes of the Tongue. It is a sermon in a nutshell. It should be printed in large type and hung in every household. That editorial alone is worth the price of the POST for a year. But it occurred to me that in reading it one is apt to say, "Oh, I wish Smith or Brown could read that. That means him!" It seems to me that here you have a chance to devote some space to an editorial on "Man, His Brother's Conscience." I mean by that, our proneness to think that instead of applying those wholesome lessons to ourselves we suddenly become desirous of some other man whom we know taking the treatment.

Pardon my presumption in suggesting this, as you doubtless have thought it all out.

Troy, New York. A MINISTER.

[The Editor thanks his correspondent both for the kindly words of appreciation and for his valuable suggestion of an editorial topic. The vicarious life of many individuals who make the acts of others their standard has been touched upon in these columns, though never from the precise point of view of the suggestion.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Your excellent and epigrammatic editorial on Living Life Over Again has opened up a new phase of this question to me, and I have derived great help from it. Often I have wished that I might recall my past; live again those years which I consider wasted. But whenever I have expressed such a desire, my brother, who is somewhat of a pessimist, always says: "Bah! You would live it exactly as you have." I would like to have your opinion in this matter. Suppose that a man who had reached fifty, as I have, could by some mysterious change find himself twenty-five again, do you think he would be apt to make the same mistakes? Your time is valuable, I know, but your opinion on this matter would be greatly appreciated by me, as I am sure you have given the matter deep thought. DISCOURAGED.

Wheeling, West Virginia.

[If a man realizes his mistakes at fifty, and seriously and consistently seeks to change his life, living each new day from his new standpoint, he would not make the *same* mistakes if put back to twenty-five years of age. But such a transfer of identity is, of course, impossible, so that man should take up the remnant of a half-century of sin and failure and seek to put into it the hope, energy, constancy of twenty-five years. It is hard; it requires moral heroism, faith in one's self and in human nature, and a brave willingness to pay the price, but it is not impossible. His progress will be slow, but it will be progress, and the rate rests solely with him. The roll of the world's success in every line shows that many produce their best and truest works in the years after fifty, and this, too, after a life of failure and seeming hopelessness. It costs more, as the annual assessments in an insurance company are higher the older the age of the applicant. The door to man's progress is never closed in life until he closes it himself.—The Editor.]

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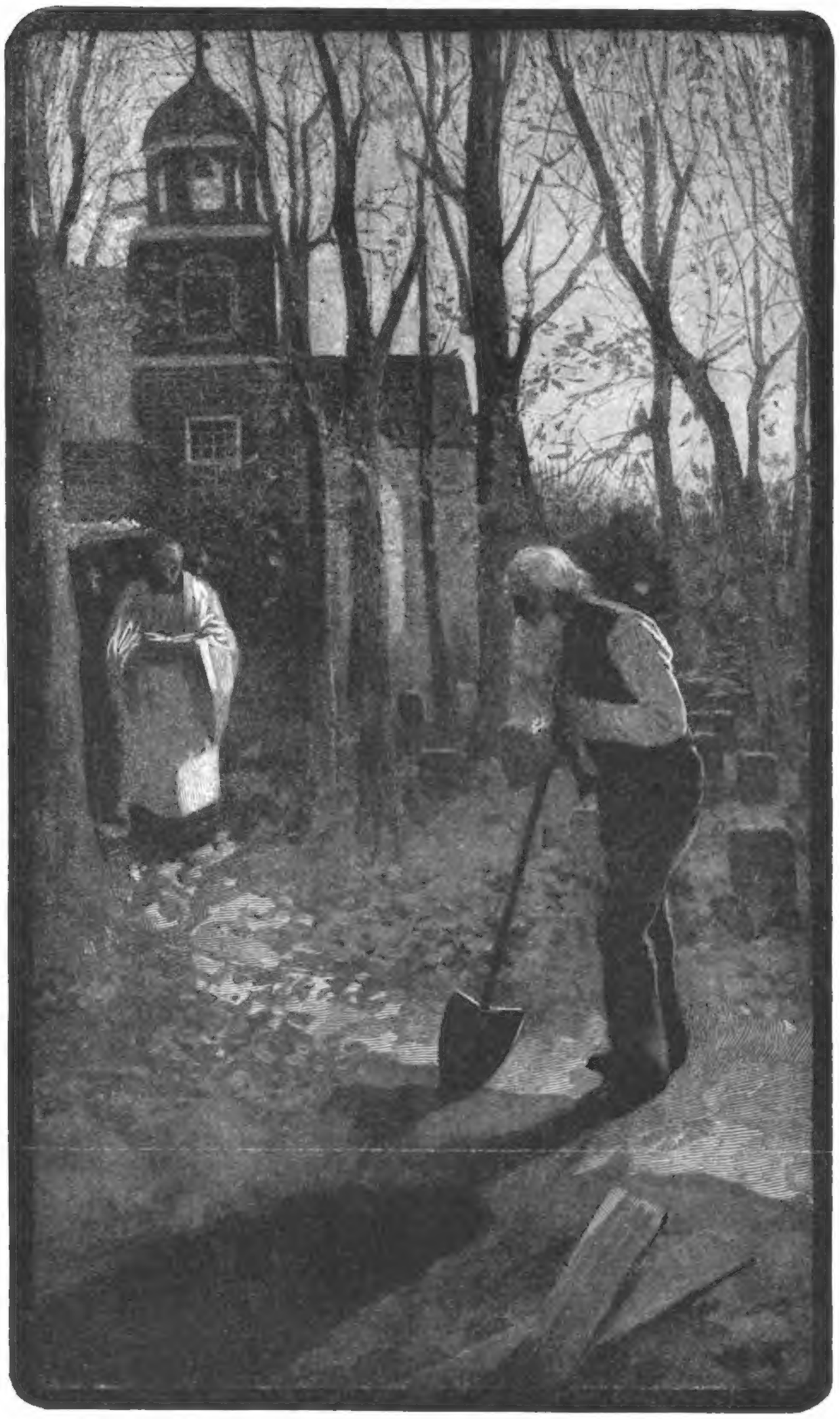
Editor Saturday Evening Post:

At the close of Mr. Nash's editorial on "Maxims the Refuge of Cowards," he says: "The fixed purpose to succeed . . . . will bring success."

Does he mean to say that any man succeeds who makes up his mind to? I have always wanted to succeed, but I'm quite sure my desire has not brought me success.

Palmyra, N. Y. B. E.

[It is desire backed up by work, constant and unending. Enthusiasm, concentration, fixed purpose, all are essential. The answer to "Discouraged," given above, seems a partial answer to your query.—The Editor.]



THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

Number LXXII

THE SEXTON

By PARK BENJAMIN *Drawing by* GEORGE GIBBS

NIGH to a grave that was newly made
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade.
His task was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were as white as a foamy sea,
And these words came forth from his lips so thin:

"I gather them in, I gather them in.

"Many are with me, and yet still I'm alone.
I'm King of the dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial ground;
But come they stranger, or come they kin,
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in, both man and boy,
Year after year, of grief or joy,
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all.
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here in the earth's dark breast."
The sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain;
And I said in my heart, when time is told
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Shall sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

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The Author of The Sexton

The poem "THE SEXTON" has been for some time past credited to George H. Look, but it was the work of Park Benjamin. He was born in British Guiana just ninety years ago. His father, who was a Connecticut man, had moved to Demarara in British Guiana, and had there gone into business. At an early age the boy was sent to New England to be educated, and after going through the preliminary courses he spent two years at Harvard, and then completed his education at Trinity, where he was graduated in 1829. He then took up the study of the law, and three years later was admitted to the Boston bar.

But although his prospects in the law were promising, he concluded that the field of literature offered him many more attractions. He was the original editor of the New England Magazine, but like many and more modern writers, concluded that New York offered a much wider field for him. In New York he edited the American Monthly Magazine and became associated with Horace Greeley. After a time he went West, but only to return again to New York, where he spent the remainder of his life. He devoted himself entirely to literature and occasionally delivered lectures and read some of his poems in public. He died in New York in 1864. He wrote "Meditations of Nature," "Infatuation," "The Hunter," etc.

TOLD AFTER DINNER

The Dog Telegraph

TWO colliers were traveling from Pontypridd to Cardiff. Their talk turned to the subject of modern inventions.

"John," said Thomas, "I can't understand that thing they call the telegraph."

"Why, man," said John, "it's like this. Suppose you had a long, long greyhound, reaching from Cardiff to Pontypridd. Well, you just pull his tail at Cardiff, and then, all of a sudden, he do bark in Pontypridd."

Too Much for the Elephant

ONE of the chief features of the circus which had struck town was an elephant which, it was claimed, could play any piece on the piano. When the time came for this to be done a piano was brought into the ring, and the elephant just after. The elephant sat down on the stool, and struck one note.

Immediately afterward he gave a groan, whereupon the manager came up and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the elephant has just discovered the tooth of his mother in one of the keys, and is overcome with grief, so I will immediately telegraph for another piano; in the meantime, we will proceed with the rest of the performance."

Well Supplied with Alibis

THE late Sir Francis Lockwood, of England, was at Saratoga, in 1896, with Baron Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England, and won great prominence and popularity while there.

At a dinner party one evening he was relating anecdotes of some of his early experiences, and told of once defending a man for murder. One of the strong points he made was an alibi, and later, in conversation with the Judge, he asked him what he thought of the alibi. The Judge said he thought it doubtful if the jury accepted it, and then Sir Francis replied:

"That's too bad, for I had half a dozen other alibis just as good that I could have used."

Patching a Blood-Vessel

IN ONE of the black-land counties of South Texas is a negro doctor who enjoys a more or less extensive practice among the colored population.

A white physician accosted him on the road the other day, saying: "Well, Doctor Sam, where have you been?"

"Been to see Bill Johnsing, sah. Wraslin' wid Mose Jones he bus' a blood-vessel."

"Why, that's serious! What did you prescribe?"

"Ah! I done fix him all right, wid alum an' gum arabic. Alum to draw dee pahts togeddah, an' de gum to stick 'em."

The Mystery of the Two Sleeves

ONE must be unusually quick-witted to endure the cross-examination of a skilful lawyer. In an action for payment of a tailor's account, a witness swore that a certain overcoat was badly made, one sleeve being shorter than the other.

"You will," said the lawyer, slowly rising to cross-examine, "swear that one of the sleeves was shorter than the other?"

"I will," said the witness.

"Then, sir," thundered the lawyer quickly, with a flash of indignation, "I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was longer than the other?"

Startled, the witness said: "I do deny it."

A storm of laughter ensued. After it had died away, the lawyer said meaningly:

"Thank you, sir; I've no more questions."

Why Charley Took a Day Off

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, the Confederate Commander, now dead, used to relate that in the hottest part of one of the early battles of the Civil War he felt his coat-tails pulled. Turning about, he recognized a young man who had been employed in his tobacco factory previous to enlistment. "Why are you not in your place fighting?" the General demanded angrily.

"Why, I just wanted to tell you that, if you don't mind, I will take my day off to-day!"

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FASHION'S WAR AGAINST *the* BIRDS

By PAUL CLARE

A GREAT change is taking place in the fauna of the world. The birds are passing away. Many of the most beautiful species are nearing the vanishing point, and whole genera are destined soon to become as extinct as the dodo and the great auk. During the last quarter of a century scores of species have been totally extirpated. The earth is literally being depopulated of birds, which are being wiped out ruthlessly by the hand of man.

Before long, unpitying fate will have to chronicle the disappearance of the last of the herons which furnish to the millinery trade the familiar "aigrettes." These exquisite birds a few years ago occupied extensive breeding grounds,—or "heronries," as they were called,—all along the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

It is their habit, at the nesting season, to gather at accustomed places, and to rear their young in a sort of communal nursery, usually in the neighborhood of a swamp or pool. Formerly, they would assemble for such purposes by hundreds, or even thousands, of pairs, and in such close company that fifty or even a hundred nests were often built in a single tree.

Year after year they would seek the same spots at mating time,—a beautiful, though temporary, population. It was a beautiful sight, from the point of view of the lover of Nature, and one calculated to inspire him with gentle feelings and with a tender love for what is innocent and helpless.

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Man's Invasion of the Heron's Nursery

But gentle feelings do not enter the heart of the professional bird-murderer,—him of the shotgun and remorseless mind. It came to be known that the millinery trade would pay five cents, ten cents, and later more than that, apiece for the plumes worn by the herons. Unfortunately, these delicate, spraylike plumes are developed by the birds only at the breeding season, and so it followed that the mercenary hunter was obliged to seek them at the heronries, and nowhere else. Not that he objected; no, indeed! The notion that any creature that was equivalent to ten cents had a right to live never entered his head. He would have destroyed the herons just as willingly for a cent apiece, if there had been profit in it.

The equipment of the heron hunter was, as it is to-day, a boat and a shotgun. The breeding grounds of the birds were well known, being occupied by them season after season. They had no notion that an animal, equally beyond them in intelligence and in cruelty, would invade their nurseries and slaughter them wantonly. Even when this was done, they could not understand why. From their view-point, the motive and the deed were equally inconceivable.

It never occurred to them to desert their breeding grounds when attacked. If they were shot, they suffered, and the young they left behind died of starvation, of course. But the whole affair was beyond their comprehension, and their business, as well as they knew it, was to remain. So they never thought of flying away and escaping, no matter how many of them were destroyed.

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Massacring a Whole City of Birds

This instinct of theirs made it all delightfully easy from the hunters' point of view. He moored his punt conveniently, and, being provided with plenty of ammunition, proceeded to massacre the colony. Load and reload; it was only necessary for him to fire and fire again, until the ground was covered with his victims. Such as fell into the water he could easily pick up; none got away.

Of course, a number of days' work was required, if the assemblage of birds was sufficiently large, but it was only a question of time when the entire population of the heronry was wiped out, not one individual remaining to tell the tale of the massacre of all the inhabitants of a city of birds. Not one? Well, none, indeed, except a few hundreds of newly hatched herons in the nests, stretching their thin little necks and piping piteously for the food that never came,—for the parents that were murdered at the regular market price of five or ten cents apiece.

What did the hunter care for them? What does the suffering, the slow death by starvation, of little birds, amount to when such an important matter as five or ten cents is considered? This is no sermon against wearing feathers on hats, but it may be remarked in passing that every delicate aigrette on the bonnet of a woman of fashion means the death by torture of a nestful of young herons.

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Islands Literally Covered with Sea-Swallows

It is obvious that birds of any kind, while excessively persecuted, may, like the canvasback duck, escape extermination for a long time, though greatly reduced in numbers. But, if the hunted species has the habit of breeding in flocks at given places, year after year, and it is attacked systematically on its nesting grounds, it must soon succumb. For, under such circumstances, the progeny as well as the parents are destroyed, and the hope of future generations disappears.

But it is a peculiarity of the "ingenious animal called man" that, while so provident in respect to many minor things, he seems rarely to think of the future of the wild animals which are furnished for his use, and practically intrusted to his care, by Nature. He begins with the notion that it is his right to destroy them if he chooses, and he does not realize how greatly he will be the sufferer if he acts too recklessly on that idea.

Now, take, for example, the terns, or "sea-swallows," and certain small gulls which are closely related to them. These birds furnish some of the most attractive plumes that adorn feminine hats and bonnets. Their prettily pointed wings of pearl color and jetty black are strikingly ornamental, and have a peculiarly delicate frosting on the surface at the breeding season. Alas! it is at this season that they are chiefly sought and killed, when they gather by thousands and hundreds of thousands on certain small sea-islands, and on suitable patches of seacoast.

Unfortunately for them, while mating and laying their eggs, they seem to be insensible to fear. Thus the bird murderer has only to appear on their nesting grounds and massacre them wholesale. In this way many colonies have been destroyed utterly and permanently, and millions of their wings have been contributed to the millinery market.

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Our Only Native Parrot Nearly Exterminated

The only parrots native to the United States,—namely, the so-called Carolina parroquets,—have been all but exterminated. Formerly they ranged in immense numbers all over the Southern States, as far north as New York, and as far west as Texas. At present, what few survivors there are can be found only in Florida and in the Indian Territory.

Their destruction has been due largely to a peculiar lack of the instinct of preservation. They indulged a misplaced confidence in man, and could never learn to protect themselves in any way. Moving in great flocks, they would sit on a tree, as thick as berries on a bush, so as to offer a special invitation to persons who delight in bird-murder for the mere sake of slaughter. The wiping out of thousands was an easy matter for a man with a gun and a little powder and shot.

These parroquets have been utilized to a comparatively small extent in the millinery trade, their destruction having been accomplished mainly for no other purpose than to gratify man's instinct to slay. Parrots, unfortunately, are not prolific, the female laying only two or three eggs, and so this beautiful bird has been hunted to death.

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The Wholesale Slaughter of Tropical Birds

It is a curious little creature in some of its ways. One cause of its extermination is found in its unwillingness to desert a wounded companion. If one parroquet in a flock is wounded, the hunter can kill them all, because they will not leave an injured comrade. One way of capturing them wholesale was to cut down a hollow tree, in which they had roosted for the night, their habit being to go in through a hole, as swallows fill a chimney, and hang by their bills stuck in crevices. Many of these birds were killed for the purpose of utilizing their feathers in the making of feather flower-work, their tints being exactly the shades of color which were required for the purpose.

Enormous as has been the destruction of the species already mentioned, it has been trifling, numerically speaking, compared with the aggregate killing of various species of brilliant-plumaged tropical birds. In the Equatorial belt are developed many kinds of feathered creatures of gorgeous hues, which have naturally invited the attention of the mercenary hunter, and millions of their skins have been furnished to the milliner.

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Half a Million Humming-Birds a Week

Dr. Robert Ridgway, Ornithologist of the Smithsonian Institution, says:

"Dealers have established themselves in many cities of South America for the sole object of buying and exporting humming-birds. The Indians readily learn the art of skinning and preserving, and, because of the large profits of the industry, they often traverse great distances to procure the birds. Residents of many parts of Brazil employ their servants in collecting and preparing them for European markets, and immense numbers are shipped from Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Pernambuco. Inmates of the convents are supplied with some of the most richly colored species for the manufacture of feather flowers. Myriads of hummers are also used by the natives of Mexico in making the wonderful feather pictures for which the descendants of the Aztecs are famous, plumes of different colors being employed in place of pigments.

"By far the most effective weapon for the destruction of humming-birds is the reed blow-pipe, which the South American Indians use with perfect certainty of aim. In Brazil very fine nets are utilized to capture the birds, and sometimes they are taken by means of bird-lime, though that is apt to damage the plumage. Owing to the reckless slaughter of these little victims for ornamental purposes, certain species are already on the verge of extinction.

"This does not seem surprising when one learns that 6000 skins of the ruby-and-topaz humming-bird alone were shipped, not long ago, from a Brazilian port in a single consignment, while at a public sale of birdskins held in London more than 12,000 skins of humming-birds were disposed of. In one week there were sold at auction in London 400,000 humming-birds and other birds from North and South America."

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Nests Fastened with Spiders' Webs

It is particularly lamentable to see this wholesale destruction of humming-birds, because these little creatures are peculiar to America, existing nowhere else in the world. No white man ever saw humming-birds before Columbus landed. They are most numerous in mountainous countries, and especially along the northern Andes. Some species make nests resembling tiny hammocks, which are attached to the face of cliffs with spiders' webs.

Other beautiful species of small tropical birds now being rapidly exterminated are various kinds of tanagers, orioles, pipras and cotingas. Unhappily, in that part of the world there is no legislation whatever to protect the feathered victims, whose slaughter is permitted without limit. To the credit of our own country it may be said that popular sentiment on this subject has at length been aroused to the point of righteous indignation, and has taken shape in laws which have been adopted by many of the States.

Among the birds that have suffered most fearfully for the benefit of the millinery trade are the grebes, which are common in most parts of the world. The plumage of the whole under part of their bodies is exceedingly thick, pure white, and with a wonderful satiny sheen, bordered along the sides with a strip of pretty, nut-brown color. These "breasts" are worn on hats extensively, and especially at the present time.

The grebes are solitary birds, building what might almost be described as floating nests of rushes, etc., in pools and streams, placed on small accumulations of *débris* or on lily-pads. They are quite prolific, the female laying from six to ten eggs at a setting. Their "breasts" are quite largely used in the manufacture of muffs.

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A Flock of Pigeons Five Miles Long

The passenger pigeons furnish an interesting object lesson. Twenty-five years ago these birds were so numerous that their flocks were comparable to the vast herds of the buffalo which formerly roamed the plains of the West. Like the buffalo, they have been nearly exterminated by ruthless slaughter. The only reason why any of them are left to-day is that it no longer pays to make a business of netting them for market, owing to their scarcity.

The numbers of these birds that used to assemble at chosen nesting-places, for the purpose of mating and rearing their young, are almost inconceivable. One such nesting, in 1876, was near Petoskey, Michigan. It covered a space twenty-eight miles in length, and averaging four miles in width. The pigeons arrived in two flocks, from different directions, one of these flocks being a compact mass of birds five miles long by one mile wide. The clamor they made could be heard at a distance of five miles. At present the breeding range of the passenger pigeons is confined almost wholly to the thinly settled and wooded region along the northern border of the United States, from Maine to Minnesota.

The birds of paradise would be utilized in the millinery trade much more largely than they are if it were not that these exquisite feathered creatures are extremely hard to obtain. They are not very plentiful even in the focus of their geographical distribution, which is New Guinea and Borneo. Besides, the plumes are worn only by the males.

The wings, tails and hackles of chickens furnish an immense amount of material for millinery purposes, and the feathers of ducks and pigeons are likewise made available by dyeing them in various colors.

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HOW NYE KNEW NORTH CAROLINA

WHILE standing on top of Lookout Mountain a few days ago, says W. L. Visscher, in the Chicago Times-Herald, I was carried back to the memories of dear old Bill Nye, for we had stood upon that same spot some years before, and a guide told us that we could see seven States from that point of view; namely, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

"Where's North Carolina?" Nye inquired.

The man pointed to a place in the horizon to which distance gave a purple hue.

"What makes you think that is North Carolina?" Nye asked.

"Oh, we know by the direction and the conformation of the mountains there," the man replied.

"Well, I know that's not North Carolina," Nye declared, with some vehemence. "And you know it, too, if you would stop to think. Here is a map of the United States, and you can see that North Carolina is pink. Besides, I know it is pink. I live in that State considerably, and I have helped to paint it red, but of course I go away sometimes, and it fades a little, leaving it pink. No, sir; you can't stuff me. The place you are pointing at a color-blind man could see is purple."

Nye said those things so seriously that the man was almost dazed. He gave Nye a puzzled look, and then went on pointing out other States in the late Confederacy.

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Bearing a Brother's Burden

NOT a few of the returning campaigners at Camp Wikoff were burdened with the weight of two equipments, although they had scarce strength enough to carry one. Why some of them were so heavily laden is indicated by a case related by the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A man of the Thirty-third Michigan was loaded down with baggage, and over his shoulder he carried two guns, tied together with twine. He was smoking a cigar, and kept up a constant stream of bantering remarks in a reckless way.

"There's our train, boys," he said, as his company crossed the platform and clambered down the sandy slope toward the siding. "Don't you see the sign? 'Improved Stable Cars.' Well, thank goodness we're going the other way this time."

When the men halted beside the cars, a bystander said affably to this man, "You've got more than your share of baggage."

"I don't know about that," the Michigan soldier answered soberly, all his recklessness vanishing.

"Where did you get the extra gun?"

"It's a dead man's gun. It belonged to a man who was killed down in Cuba."

"And you are taking it home, are you?"

"Yes; I'm taking it to his folks."

The stranger seemed inclined to get more of the story, but the soldier turned his head well away, so that no one could see into his face and read his feelings.

"It belonged to my brother," he said.

Cromwell's Watch with One Hand

WATCHES were originally made in an oval shape, and were largely manufactured in Nuremberg. From these two facts they were then known, not as watches, but as "Nuremberg Eggs." The one here shown in the illustration was bought in Rome, and is said to have been carried by Oliver Cromwell.

It has but one hand, which marks the hours and the halves and quarters of the hours by its position on the dial. The old watch has no centre wheel, and it is a great wonder that it kept time at all. The case of the watch is made of an alloy of copper and zinc which rather closely resembles gold.

When the Avalanche Gives Up Its Dead

MANY years ago I read a pathetic story, which is constantly recalled to mind as the duties of this compilation compel me to read the records of past years and reperuse the long-closed letters of my beloved, and live over again the happy days when we were all in all to each other, says C. H. Spurgeon's autobiography.

A married couple were crossing one of the great glaciers of the Alpine regions when a fatal accident occurred. The husband fell down one of the huge crevasses which abound on all glaciers,—the rope broke, and the depth of the chasm was so great that no help could be rendered, nor could the body be recovered. Over the wife's anguish draw the veil of silence.

Forty years afterward saw her, with the guide who had accompanied them at the time of the accident, staying at the nearest hotel at the foot of the glacier, waiting for the sea of ice to give up its dead; for, by the well-known law of glacier progression, the form of her long-lost husband might be expected to appear, expelled from the mouth of the torrent, about that date. Patiently and with unfailing constancy they watched and waited, and their hopes were at last rewarded.

One day the body was released from its prison in the ice, and the wife looked again on the features of him who had been so long parted from her. But the pathos of the story lay in the fact that she was then an old woman, while the newly rescued body was that of quite a young and robust man, so faithfully had the crystal casket preserved the jewel which it had held for so many years. The forty years had left no wrinkles on that marble brow. Time's withering fingers could not touch him in that tomb, and so, for a few brief moments, the aged lady saw her husband as he was in the days which were gone forever. Somewhat similar has been my experience while preparing these chapters.

A Bowl Made of Gold Nuggets

A MOST unique punch-bowl was recently made in San Francisco to be sent to British Columbia as a token of appreciation and good feeling on the part of the Yukon miners toward Captain Constantine, of the Canadian Mounted Police.

It is a massive cut-glass bowl, with a heavy but artistic standard formed of more than five hundred nuggets of gold soldered together just as they came from the placer beds of the Yukon region.

When Captain Constantine was about to leave the Northwest Territory, the miners of Dawson City raised a testimonial for him in the shape of $2000 worth of gold nuggets. On a heavy gold shield are engraved his initials and an expression of good-will.

How the Dutch Announce a New-Born

THERE is a curious custom in vogue in the old town of Haarlem, Holland, of draping in white the knocker of a house where there is a new baby. In 1573, when the Spaniards took Haarlem after its famous siege, they sent notice that all houses wherein was a mother and new-born babe should have the knockers muffled in white for a month, and so escape sacking. Thenceforth births in Haarlem were celebrated by what has now become an ornament on the doors, called a *klopper*. It is usually made of a square of fine old lace bearing the family coat-of-arms, lined in white for a girl and in pink for a boy. It is hung on the knocker only during the day.

The Biggest Check Ever Drawn

THERE were made out last year two checks which were and still are the largest ever drawn in single financial transactions, says the St. James Budget. The smaller of the two checks established a record as the largest ever drawn; but although it was for more than $55,000,000, it did not long remain the largest, being soon eclipsed by a check for $622,500,000.

These valuable pieces of paper were drawn in connection with the last Chinese Loan, and the final installment of the war indemnity money which was due to Japan from China, and changed hands in the parlor of the Bank of England, in the presence of the Governor of the Bank, the Plenipotentiaries of the Chinese and Japanese Governments, and the managers and sub-managers of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking corporation.

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When the Minister Amazed the Boys

AN ENGLISH clergyman was called suddenly to preach before the students of a well-known college. He hurriedly chose out of his "barrel" a sermon and, without reading it, went to the college chapel, the congregation of which was wholly composed of male students.

He got along famously until near the close when he amazed the boys by beginning his peroration thus: "And now a word in conclusion to you who are mothers."

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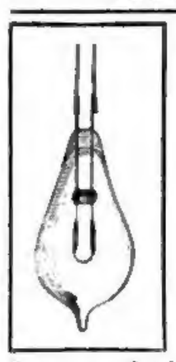

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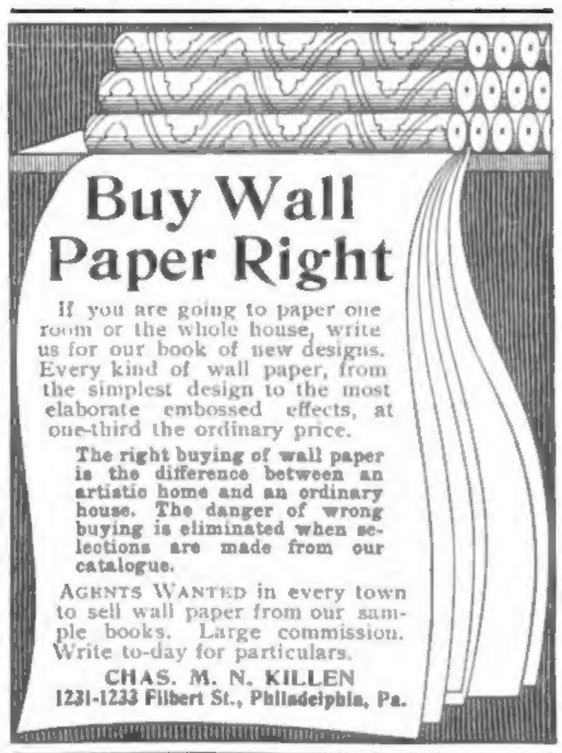

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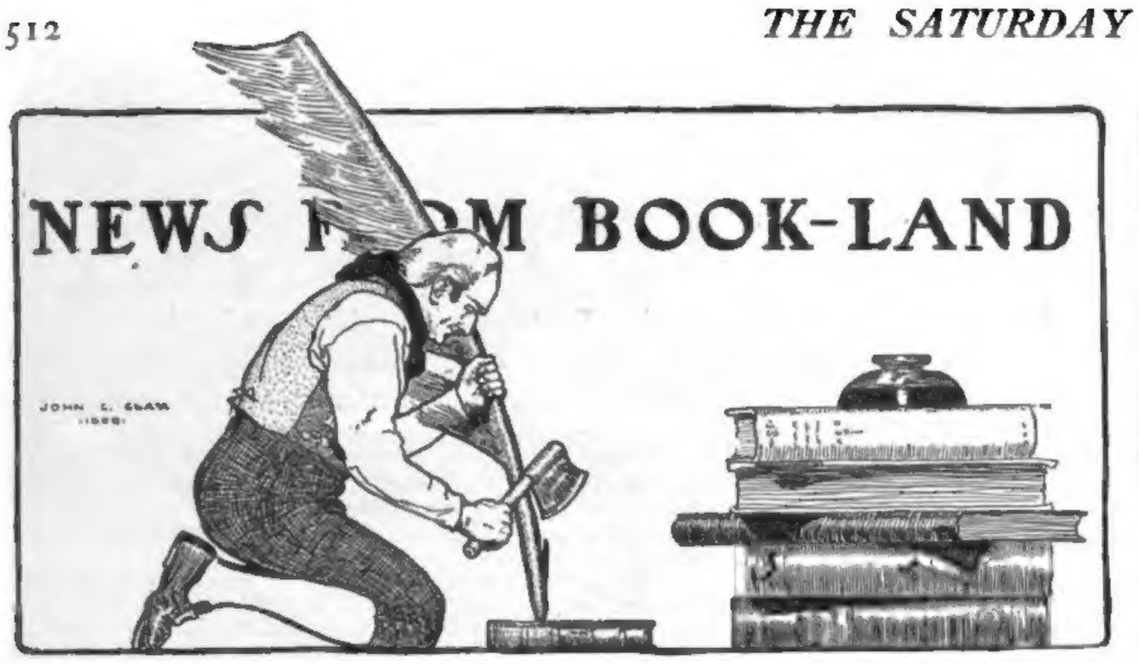

Songs from the Ghetto, by Morris Rosenfeld.—This volume of poems in "Yiddish" (Jewish-German) is undoubtedly the most curious product of the American printing press in 1898. It is the work of a poor Polish Jew, for years a "machine hand" in one of the "sweat-shops" of New York's Ghetto, and now a hack on a Jewish paper.

These verses are largely an expression of the despair and passive revolt of the helpless poor Jews, whose wages and hours of labor are so often discussed and denounced in the press. Years ago, when the sewing-machine was invented, we were told that henceforth no "Song of the Shirt" would ever be written again, and in the event the prediction has been proved to be true. Only—it has been followed by a song of the sewing-machine, descriptive of conditions as tragic as those that inspired Hood's strophes.

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Mr. Rosenfeld opens his volume with this song, In the Sweat-Shop, whose refrain, "I know not, I know not, I am a machine!" is so full of pathos, so suggestive of the intellectual death of its slave, that it may well be taken as the motto of the whole book. These pages, however, contain also national songs, and "miscellaneous" poems, which reveal a born poet, a wonderfully rich and vital imagination, a sensitiveness to the beauty and joy of life so strong that years and years of misery have failed to kill it. For there is fancy in this book, as well as a cry from the deep,—a fancy that illumines even the unrelieved blackness of existence in the Ghetto, a bird of song that in more propitious surroundings might soar high and scatter its notes to all the world.

Looked at from a social view-point, these verses of protest suggest a strange anomaly. The misery of the Jew in New York is not the result of American conditions; it was created for him by others of his own race. For the clothing trade in all its branches there is in the hands of Jews,—the starved worker at the machine, the tyrannical "boss" of the sweat-shop, but little better off than he, the middleman, the so-called manufacturer, the "wholesaler," the retailer,—all of them are, with but few exceptions, Jews.

We find, not only here, but also in Europe, the race divided against itself, notwithstanding the bond of religion that still binds it together. This, however, merely *en passant*, though Jewish anarchists (and there are many such) might do well to take this into careful consideration before fulminating against American institutions.

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Mr. Rosenfeld's verses are accompanied by a prose translation, glossary and introduction from the pen of Mr. Leo Wiener, of Harvard University, who informs us that Mr. Rosenfeld was born in Poland, in 1862, of poor parents. He received but a scanty education, and emigrated at an early age to England, where he learned the tailor's trade. Before sailing for this country he lived for some time in Holland, where he earned his bread as a diamond grinder. His life in New York was that of the poorest sweat-shop hand until his health broke down, when he turned his hand to the equally precarious work of a Jewish journalist.

Those who can read German will have but little difficulty in understanding Mr. Rosenfeld's work in the original text. The literal translation will give to other readers a very clear idea of its tendency and merits. (Published by Copeland & Day, Boston.)

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The Underground Railway from Slavery to Freedom, by Wilbur H. Siebert.—That part of the anti-slavery movement which had in it the most of romance had to do with the secret and systematic aid given by abolitionists to fugitive slaves. This Underground Railroad, so-called, was simply a form of defiance of certain national laws on the ground that those laws were unjust and oppressive. It gave to several thousand persons, who were closely connected with it, the pleasure of relieving the negro's sufferings, and, at the same time, offered an opportunity for bold and daring spirits to gratify their taste for adventure.

Professor Siebert has gone into the matter in great detail, but he is never wearisome; the story is too exciting to be tiresome. He has told all about the various stations along the routes from the slave States to Canada, the men and women who maintained them, the treatment of fugitives, of communication, conveyances, places of concealment, and all this has the charm of romance. In illustration the book is specially strong, the cuts being numerous and well executed. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.)

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The Journalist, by C. F. Keary.—There is a certain form of realism that does not convince, because it loses itself in a mass of irrelevant detail; and, *per contra*, there is a form of impressionism that does not impress,—in literature, as in the other arts,—because it errs in the selection of essentials.

The many merits of this story of an English author of great promise, who ends as a newspaper hack, are obscured by a willful impressionism that fails to impress the reader either as a picture merely of the characters of the book, or as a suggestion of a possible symbolic meaning. An exception to this opinion must be made in the case of the Danish writer's drama,—a combination of Ibsen's realism with Maeterlinck's symbolic expression of the infinite in the finite.

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We doubt if there is any moral to be drawn from this weird tale, except that sound, clear-headed young men of talent should not listen to voices, or believe that they are listening to them, and that Platonic friendship is a snare and a delusion. For while the Wander of the mystic drama comes down the mountain and carries off the disillusioned, blindly aspiring wife of the *Rittmeister* (*à la* Ibsen), that kind of nonsense does not "go" in real life. Also, a well-bred young Irishman should not hobnob with sneering, scoffing foreigners of unknown antecedents, or with vagabond musicians.

All this, however, furnishes no clue to the deeper meaning of the book, if it has any. As a simple, straightforward novel, it suffers from a bad method, as remarked at the beginning of this review, which is redeemed, however, by the fine work of the closing chapters. Literary life in London is shown in spots and patches,—again according to the author's impressionistic method.

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The book provokes one because it is so good, notwithstanding its glaring faults. Mr. Meredith and Robert Browning have obscured our vision with the smoke that was generated in the process of producing the light of their brilliant minds; they might have consumed the smoke and only given us the flame, but, at least, it is worth while to struggle with it for the sake of the sacred fire it partially hides. Does Mr. Keary think that by producing smoke he can make us believe in a fire that is not there? If so, he is certainly on the wrong road. (Imported by the New Amsterdam Book Company.)

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The Linear Parallel Bible.—To facilitate comparisons between the Authorized and Revised Versions of the Bible various means have been employed by which the texts were associated on the same page. Thus far, however, all efforts in this direction have not been entirely successful,—either the arrangement was not sufficiently clear and simple, or else differences, especially in the way of spelling, capitalization and punctuation were not brought out. Quite recently, however, a Bible has been published (The Holman Comparative Self-Pronouncing Sunday-School Teachers' Bible) which obviates these difficulties. It presents in a single line the texts of both Authorized and Revised Versions where said texts are alike. Where they are unlike, either in language, spelling, punctuation or otherwise, the difference is plainly shown by means of double lines of smaller type, making the texts of the versions easily compared.

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This Linear Parallel method, as it is called, is very plain and simple. To read the Authorized Version one has but to read the large type line along to any point of difference in the respective versions, and then follow the upper small type line. The differences given in the Revised Version are found in the lower small type line. Thus:

"And the earth was $\overset{\text{without form}}{\underset{\text{waste}}{}}$ and void.

The merits of this arrangement are seen at a glance, and this new publication will meet with the hearty approval of all Bible students. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

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